G. Thornton Scul

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Chas Brereton

THE

Comical *PILGRIM*;

OR,

TRAVELS

OF A

Cynick PHILOSOPHER,

Thro' the moſt Wicked Parts of the WORLD,

attributed to Dan - Defoe.

Namely,

ENGLAND, WALES, SCOTLAND, IRELAND, and HOLLAND.

WITH

His *Merry* Obſervations on the *Engliſh* Stage, Gaming-Houſes, Poets, Beaux, Women, Courtiers, Politicians, and Plotters. *Welſh* Clergy, Gentry, and Cuſtoms. *Scotch* Manners, Religion, and Lawyers. *Iriſh* Ceremonies in their Marriages, Chriſtenings, and Burials. And *Dutch* Government, Polity, and Trade.

BEING

A General SATYR on the Vices and Follies of the Age.

LONDON, Printed for *S. Briſcoe*, at the *Bell Savage*, *Ludgate-Hill*, and the *Sun* againſt *John's* Coffee-Houſe *Swithin's-Alley*, *Cornhill*, 1722. (Price One Shilling Six Pence.)

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THE PREFACE.

AS *Prefaces now are become common to every Production of the Preſs, I am reſolv'd to be in the Faſhion likewiſe, to let my Reader underſtand that I am not an Aſcetick, or one of thoſe devout Pilgrims, who will travel on Foot to ſee the holy Sepulchre, the Chapel of* Loretto, *or ſome ſtrange Relique; but a comical merry Traveller that would take a Perigrination, on Horſeback or by Water, beyond the* Devil's Arſe *i'th' Peak, to ſee the Religion, Cuſtoms, and Manners of foreign People, as well as knowing thoſe of my own Country; contrary to the Sentiments of* Claudian, *who mentions it as a Happineſs, for Birth, Life, and Burial, to be all in one Pariſh.*

Some Pilgrims may brag of their having ſeen a Vial full of the Virgin Mary's *Milk; another Vial full of* Mary Magdalen's *repenting Tears; the Pummel of the Sword with which the Ear of* Malchus, *the high Prieſt's Servant, was cut off; the Bill of the Cock which crow'd after Saint* Peter *had deny'd his Maſter, ſet in Silver; an Ell* Fleniſh *of the*

Cord with which Judas *hang'd himſelf*; *a Linnen Apron worn by our Saviour's hæmorrhoidal Patient*; *a Piece of the ſeemleſs Garment, for which the* Jewiſh *Soldiers caſt Lots*; *one of Saint* John *the Baptiſt's Eye-Teeth, ſet in Gold*; *Saint* Paul's *Cloak, which he left at* Troas, *never the worſe for wearing*; *and talk alſo of their often meeting with the wandering* Jew *in their Travels*; *theſe, I ſay, were Curioſities I valu'd not ſeeing*; *but in all Places wherever I came, I made general Obſervations on the Folly and Vices of the Inhabitants, thereby to correct my own Manners, which, indeed, is a very fine Thing, in either Man or Beaſt.*

In Order hereto, I have travell'd in three Parts of the World; *namely*, Europe, Africa, *and* America; *and tho' Wickedneſs reigns in all Parts of the World, yet muſt I needs ſay, that it is not ſo predominate in any Place as in* England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, *and* Holland; *where it is as hard to find Religion, Honeſty and Virtue walk Hand in Hand, as it was for* Diogenes *to find an honeſt Woman in* Athens. *This Dearth of good Manners oblig'd me, with the aboveſaid Philoſopher to turn* Cynick; *and if by theſe Lucubrations, I can ſo far put Folly and Vice, out of Countenance, as to reclaim a wicked Age, it is all the Author deſires for the Fatigue of taking a Pilgrimage, by Land and Sea, of above Eleven Thouſand Miles, which is more than half the Circumference of the whole Earth.*

THE

THE Comical PILGRIM, OR, *Travels thro'* England.

AS *London* is the Metropolis, or capital City in the World, for Pride, Luxury, and all other Vices; I was very curious of making some Observations on them. In Order hereto, I frequented several Taverns, where was nothing but Drunkenness, and young Rakes vomiting about the Room, and in their *Bacchanalian* Frolicks (which made them think, with *Copernicus*, the Earth turn'd round) breaking Pipes and Glasses, to inflame a great Reckoning to a larger Sum. I also haunted Jelly-Houses, where was no other Diversion, than seeing proud conceited Coxombs eating Jellies, with a gilded Pap-Spoon, for Provocation to venerial Sports; which by lighting on a Fire-Ship, might bring them to the Charge and Misery of Pills, Bolusses, Electuaries, and Diet-Drinks; so that these gallanting Stallions, need no other Injunction of Penance, from the most rigid Con-

feſſor: And at every common Gaming-Houſe about Town, the Gameſters are as laviſhing of their Oaths and Curſes, as they are at the Groom Porter's. One is curſing the Dice, another biting his Thumbs, and another ſcratching where it doth not itch, whilſt others are flouriſhing their Swords in the midſt of twenty G—d—s, to have their loſt Money again.

Think I to myſelf, the frequenting of theſe Places, will return to no better Account towards a Reformation of bad Manners, than if a Man ſhould go to a Bawdy-Houſe, to keep out of ill Company. So having heard that a deal of good Manners, and Morality, might be learnt, in ſeeing Plays acted on the *Engliſh* Stage; I then flung away many a Half Crown at the Theatres in *Bridges-Street*, and *Lincoln's Inn Fields*, but by the immoral, profane, and impious Expreſſions us'd in the dramatick Writings, whether tragical or comical, I could reckon the Play-Houſes, no other than Schools of Iniquity, the Sinks of all Wickedneſs, and Markets for the Devil. 'Tis out of doubt, that even the Theatres of *Greece* and *Rome*, under Heatheniſm, were leſs obnoxious and offenſive, yet nevertheleſs they ſtood condemn'd by the primitive Fathers, and general Councils.

The deteſtable lewd Expreſſions in the *Engliſh* Plays can do no leſs than debauch the Minds, and corrupt the Manners of the Audience; but it muſt needs ſtrike every good *Chriſtian* with Horror, to hear on the Stage Almighty God blaſphem'd, his Providence queſtion'd and deny'd, his Name prophan'd, his Attributes aſcrib'd to ſinful Creatures, and even to heathen Gods, his holy Word burleſqu'd, and treated as a Fable, his Grace made a Jeſt of, his Miniſters deſpis'd, Conſcience laugh'd at, Religion ridicul'd, the Catholick

tholick Faith and Doctrine expos'd, the ſincere Practice of Religion, repreſented as the Effect of Vapours and Melancholly, Virtue diſcountenanc'd, Vice encourag'd, Evil treated as Good, and Good as Evil; and all this highly aggravated, by being done in cool Blood, upon Choice and Deliberation.

The Infidelity and Looſneſs of the preſent Age, is very much owing to the Play-Houſes; where the Infection of moſt abominable Wickedneſs, ſpreads among the Spectators, from the Lady in the Front or Side-Box, to the tawdry Chamber-maid in upper Gallery. Men and Women who frequent the Theatre, are, inſtead of learning Virtue, ſurrounded with inordinate Temptations, which incite them to unlawful Deſires and Actions, which ſoon end in the utter Ruin, both of Body and Soul. Where Lewdneſs is repreſented, in all the Dreſſes that can vitiate the Imagination, and faſten upon the Memory; and where Pride and Falſhood, Malice and Revenge, Injuſtice and Immodeſty, Contempt of Marriage, and falſe Notions of Honour are recommended, no Good can be learn'd, either by old or young; and this not among *Mahometans* and *Infidels*, not at *Rome* and *Venice*, not in *France* and *Spain*, but in a *Proteſtant* Country, and upon the *Engliſh* Stage, without any Fear that the Judgments of God will fall upon them. The *Players* expoſing (as they pretend they do) Formality, Humour, and Pedantry, is not an equivalent for their inſulting ſacred Things, and their promoting to ſo high a Degree, the Prophaneneſs and Debauchery of the Nation.

Thoſe who frequent the Play-Houſe, ſay (to palliate the ſin) a great deal of Morality is to be learnt from Plays; but I cannot perceive what good Morals can be obtain'd from ſuch Expreſſions as theſe. "Sure, if Woman had been

"ready

" ready created, the Devil, inſtead of being kickt " down to Hell, had been married. *Leonora's* " Charms turn Vice to Virtue, Treaſon into " Truth; Nature, who has made her the ſu- " preme Object of our Deſires, muſt needs have " deſign'd her the Regulater of our Morals. She's " mad with the Whimſies of Virtue, and the De- " vil. Damn'd Lies, by *Jupiter* and *Juno*, and " the reſt of the Heathen Gods and Goddeſſes; " for I remember I paid two Guineas for ſwear- " ing *Chriſtian* Oaths laſt Night." As may be ſeen in ſeveral of the comick Writers. However, the Admirers of the Stage muſt have ſome Excuſe for their Folly; and thus the Devil too, to ſupport Vice, hangs out the Colours of Virtue. Again, we cannot ſee what Morality can be learnt in theſe Expreſſions in the following Tragedies of *Œdipus* and *Theodoſius*.

Tho' round my Bed the Furies plant their Charms,
I'll break 'em, with Jocaſta *in my Arms:*
Claſpt in the Folds of Love, I'll wait my Doom,
And act my Joys, tho' Thunder ſhakes the Room. Act 2.
Nor ſhall I need a Violence to wound,
The Storm is here that drives me on the Ground,
Sure Means to make the Soul and Body part,
A burning Fever, and a broken Heart. Act 5. Scene 2.

In which Lines aboveſaid may be ſeen the Lover purſuing his Amours in Defiance of Heaven; and *Varanes* dying a natural Death, or elſe he had been ſo wicked, as to have laid violent hands on himſelf. Neither are the *Greek* and *Latin* Dramatiſts without their prophane Flights, and wicked Rants: Nay, hear how *Auguſtin*, that great Father of the Church, in theſe Words, *Non omnino per hanc turpitudinem verba iſta commodius diſcuntur,*

ſed

ſed per hæc verba turpitudo iſta confidentius perpetratur. Confeſ. lib. 1. cap. 16. condemns the following Lines of *Terence*'s Eunuch, Act 3. Scene 5.

Suſpectans tabulam quandam pictam, ubi inerat pictura hæc, Jovem
Quo pacto Danaæ miſiſſe aiunt quondam in gremium imbrem aureum
Egomet quoque id ſpectare cœpi, &c.

In ſhort, no good Manners can be acquir'd on the *Engliſh* Stage, by ſeeing an Actor going a Tip-toe, in Deriſion of mincing Dames; ſometimes ſpeaking full-mouth'd, to mock the Country Clowns; and ſometimes upon the Tip of the Tongue, to ſcoff the Citizen? that thus, by the Imitation of all ridiculous Geſtures, or Speeches, in all Kinds of Vocations, they may provoke Laughter. When Stages were firſt ſet up in *Rome*, it was accounted infamous to frequent them; and in *England*, Players, both Men and Women, are reckon'd ſo ſcandalous, that tho' they ſtile themſelves his Majeſty's Servants, yet the Statute Law terms them Vagabonds: " Indeed they are " ſo infamouſly wicked, that one who never ſaw " them in this Life, may nevertheleſs at the Re- " ſurrection, know their Bodies and Souls are Fel- " lows; inſomuch that as the Play-Houſe in *Dru-* " *ry-Lane* has been burnt once already, it would " be a Mercy rather than a Judgment, if God " vouchſafed to ſmite them once again.

The Audience in the Upper-Gallery is generally compos'd of Lawyers Clerks, Valets de Chambre, Exchange-Girls, Chamber-Maids, and Skip-kennels, who at the laſt Act are let in *gratis*, in Favour to their Maſters being Benefactors to the Devil's Servants. The Middle-Gallery is taken up by

by the midling Sort of People, as Citizens, their Wives, and Daughters, and other Jilts, who make it their Buſineſs to let out their Commodities in Fee-tail, to the firſt Cully ſhe picks up, after Play is over, for a ſmall Treat, and twelve Pence dry. The Boxes are fill'd with Lords and Ladies, who give Money to ſee their Follies expos'd by Fellows as wicked as themſelves. And the Pit, which lively repreſents the Pit of Hell, is cramm'd with thoſe inſignificant Animals called Beaux, whoſe Character nothing but Wonder and Shame can compoſe; for a modern Beaux (you muſt know) is a pretty neat, phantaſtical Outſide of a Man; a well digeſted Bundle of coſtly Vanities; and you may call him a Volume of methodical Errata's bound in a gilt Cover. He's a curiouſly wrought Cabinet full of Shells and other Trumpery, which were much better quite empty, than ſo emptily full. He's a Man's Skin full of Prophaneſs, a Paradiſe full of Weeds; a Heaven cramm'd full of Devils, or *Satan*'s Bed-Chamber, hung with Arras of God's own making. He can be thought no better than a *Promethean* Man; at beſt but a Lump of animated Dirt kneaded into Humane Shape; and if he has any ſuch Thing as a Soul, it ſeems to be patch'd up with more Vices than are Patches in a poor *Spaniard*'s Cloak. His general Employment is to ſcorn all Buſineſs, but the Study of the Modes and Vices of the Times; and you may look upon him as upon the painted Sign of a man hung up in the Air only to be toſs'd to and fro with every Wind of Temptation and Vanity. As for his Apparel, he endeavours to that all ſhould appear new about him, except his Vices and Religion; he's too much in Love with theſe to change them; beſides, the latter of them he cannot

cannot change, becauſe he never had any. When you look upon his Cloaths, you will be apt to ſay, he wears his Heaven upon his Back; and truly ('tis much to be fear'd) you ſee as much of it there, as He ever ſhall. He is trick'd up in ſuch Gauderies, as if he was reſolv'd to make his Body a Lure for the Devil; and with this Bravery would make a Bait ſhould tempt the Tempter to fall in Love with him. By this Variety of Faſhions he goes nigh to cheat his Creditors; who for this Reaſon, dare never ſwear him to be the ſame Man they formerly had to deal withal. His Draper may very well be afraid to loſe him in a Labyrinth of his own Cloth, which ſits, or hangs (ſhall I ſay ?) for the moſt part ſo looſely about him, as if it were ever ready to fly away, for Fear of a Bailiff.

His Language and Diſcourſe are altogether ſuitable to his Garb and Habit, all affected and apiſh, but indeed, far more vile, ſinful, and abominable. When he talks, why then his Time-obſerving Hand and Foot do ſo point, accent, and adorn all his phantaſtick Flouriſhes, that his Words are often as much loſt in his Actions, as his Senſe in his Words: Withal uſing fooliſh Expreſſions, as ſtab my Vitals, run me through the *Diaphragma*, paſitively (not poſitively) it is ſo and ſo; ſpeaking as effeminately, and Molly-like, as the *Iſchnotes*, who ſay, as you may ſee in *Lilly*'s Grammar, *Nync* for *Nunc*, *Tync* for *Tunc*. By Degrees he ſteps from Idleneſs and Emptineſs, Foolery and Drollery, to Scurrility and Obloquy; ſo that if his black Breath could blow out, or eclipſe thoſe Lights that ſhine brighteſt, we ſhould not have one Star left in Virtue's Heaven; and thoſe Lights which were once ſent into the World, to guide him timely and truly out of it into a bet-

ter, he firſt endeavours to extinguiſh, that ſo he may, without Check or Shame, wander thro' all the Works of Darkneſs into Hell. Alas! he ſees no ſuch Lovelineſs in the Things above, as may oblige him to the ſubmiſſive Courtſhip of ſaying his Prayers below; and yet is ſo confident to enjoy Heaven at laſt; as if he thought God would be beholden to him for accepting his Bleſſings; or (as ſome fooliſh Lovers take Occaſion to double their Addreſſes from the Unkindneſs of a coy Miſtreſs) God would the more earneſtly importune him to be ſav'd, the more diſdainfully he looks upon Salvation. If ever he appears at Church, it is but to meditate upon the Ladies, as they ſit in their Sunday's Beauties; and then he returns from the Houſe of God, as moſt who go thither with no better Intentions, nay ten Times more an *Atheiſt* than he went.

The Theatre in the *Hay-Market* is his ſole Delight, where half a Guinea is given for an *Italian* Song, ſung in a new Opera by ſome foreign Eunuch, or Jilt, with ſuch Quivering, that the Words are loſt and confounded with more affected Noiſe than Harmony. Or elſe he paſſes his Time away (as above hinted) at the Play-Houſes in *Drury-Lane*, or *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*, to ogle an impudent Actreſs, or ſome female Dancer, who crane's her Neck with ſuch various Motions, that one would think ſhe was going to break it without the Aſſiſtance of a Hangman. Or if he is not at theſe Places of Pollution and Wickedneſs, the Tavern he then makes his Exchange; where he endeavours to drink himſelf ſo far into a Beaſt, as if it was his Deſign to become thereby incapable of Damnation, except he be forc'd to ſleep out the laſt Night's Intemperance; and thinks himſelf a Champion, when he can kick

two

two down Stairs at once, the Drawer and his Bottle; and ſound the Alarm to the Skirmiſh, in a loud Peal of new-faſhion'd Curſes. After all is done there, he walks the Streets as light in his Head, as his Purſe; and much oftner ſalutes the Pavement than the Paſſengers. The Beau hates no Name ſo much as that of a *Chriſtian*, he is afraid it would make him melancholy: He travels over the wide World of Sin, till he hath as little Money as Religion, and no more Credit than Money; whereby he is uſually at laſt conſtrain'd either to lie hid, and ſo become his own Priſoner, or to pawn his Body to the Marſhal of the *King*'s *Bench* Priſon in *Southwark*, or the Warden of the *Fleet*, for his Chamber; or elſe, to become a Citizen of the World, and ſo at laſt is every where at Home, becauſe he is indeed at Home no where. In fine, I never ſaw an affected Beau have any Bravery; which makes me think they are related to a certain Attorney, who once reſenting my ſending an affronting Letter to his Sweetheart, had not the Courage to draw his Tilter, when I *ex tempore* ſpoke to him the following Lines:

Know, Sir, that I was really bred and born
To laſh the Vices of the Age; and ſworn
To lampoon Beaux, *and* Jilts; *and to condemn*
What Pulpits, *nor the* Stage *dare not contemn:*
So Anger, Frank, *can no Redreſs afford,*
For to defend my Pen, ſee here's my Sword.

Now think I with myſelf, if this be the Way of *London*, Drinking, Gaming, and Whoring; I'll e'en retire into the Country, where I thought was more Simplicity and Honeſty among the Ruſticks than the Citizens; but I found myſelf miſtaken,

for going to *Deptford*, I perceiv'd as much Drunkenneſs among the *Tarpaulins*, as among the Admirers of *Geneva*, at the *Frenchman*'s Bob-Shop, or *dirty-Face Dick* in the *Strand*; but however, the *Tarpaulin*'s Froes of this Place, as well as at *Wapping*, *are pretty virtuous, thro' their Huſband*'s *making them go without Smocks, to prevent their Neighbours from taking up their Wives Linnen.* From hence, I went to *Greenwich-Park*, where I found as many Aſſignations made betwixt Whore and Cully, as in *St. James*'s, or *Hyde-Park*. Here was as much Lying by the Fops in Praiſe of their Miſtreſſes, as is among Lawyers; as much Flattering, as there is at Court; and as much Diſſembling, as in a *Preſbyterian* or *Anabaptiſt* Meeting-Houſe; a Folly, which I muſt own, I have been formerly guilty of myſelf, when I ſent to a young Gentlewoman this amorous Petition, for Flattery is the only Bait to decoy the coyeſt Virgin in *England*.

Harmonious Numbers now my Muſe does find,
To ſing the choiceſt of your precious Kind.
Thy Wit, as well as Beauty, lovely Dame,
Who firſt my Breaſt, and more than Wealth, or Fame,
Exerts my Soul, and is my conſtant Aim.
The genuine Bluſhes that your Cheeks adorn,
Were raviſh'd from the Roſe, or crimſon Morn;
The Perſian *Inſects lab'ring, wrought with Care*
The ſlender ſilken Threads that form your Hair;
The clear, quick Luſtre of your piercing Eyes,
Was ſhot from Di'monds, or the ſpangled Skies;
Vermilion Coral *left its ozie Bed,*
To fluſh your balmy Lips with glowing Red;
To frame your Teeth, choice Pearls did crowding come,
Each from its ſecret Cell in Ocean's *Womb:*

Arabian

Arabian *Sweets did all their Stores transfer,*
And fled from Home, to breath in you, bright Star.
Eden *once flouriſh'd like your blooming Face,*
Your Shape, your Mein, and unaffected Grace,
From Heav'n the firſt of Females once poſſeſs'd,
Created as a Pattern to the reſt:
From Spring your Gaiety, from calmeſt Brooks
Was wafted the Sereneneſs of your Looks;
Sweet Philomel, *as ſhe departing, ſung,*
Bequeath'd the Muſick of your ſilver Tongue;
The Down of Swans, and Lillies, or the gay
And fragrant Bloom that crowns the youthful May,
To frame your Skin, did gracefully unite
Their yielding Softneſs, and unblemiſh'd White:
The vaſt Cerulean Sky, Earth, Sea, and Air,
Did then combin'd, and various Stores prepare
(At Heaven's commanding Call) to frame you fair.
They fram'd you of their rareſt Treaſures joyn'd,
And in the Mould an Angel's Soul unſhrin'd.
Therefore, fair Virgin, whoſe moſt dazling Charms
Can Saints and Anchorites bring to your Arms,
Let us this Day, for it's a Law divine,
Offer our mutual Hearts on Cupid's Shrine;
Revel, whilſt living, in the Joys of Love,
Like thund'ring Jove, and other Gods above;
For if we ſlight bright Venus *whilſt we've Breath,*
There'll be no Thoughts of loving after Death,

But being ſoon tir'd of *Greenwich*, I proceeded on my Pilgrimage to *Graveſend*, where, (and at *Stroud*, *Rocheſter*, and *Chatham*) the Vintners, Innkeepers, and Victuallers, are more extortioning than any Pawn-Broker, who has the Honeſty to take no more than *Cent. per Cent.* for what Money they lend. Hereupon, bidding adieu to the County of *Kent*, I rambled through the County of *Surry*; but it being Aſſize-Time when I arriv'd

riv'd at *Kingſton* upon *Thames*, I found I was leap'd out of the Fryingpan into the Fire, for Proviſions and Lodging were then as dear as a Suit of Law in *Chancery*; ſo that I rid forthwith into the County of *Suſſex*, where I ſaw nothing but a Parcel of Bumpkins and Milk-Wenches returning all home, as drunk as *David*'s Sow, from a Country-Wake. Thence, I went into *Hampſhire*, where Ruſticks are as fat as their Hogs; and as liquoriſh as thoſe who buy their Honey. In this County is *Southampton*, where the Sword of Sir *Bevis* is held in as much Veneration by the Towns People, as a Piece of Paper worn by 'Prentice-Boys, and Servant-Wenches on *Valentine*'s Day. Hence, I went to *Portſmouth*, betwixt which Place and Hell, the Soldiers garriſon'd here ſay, there is but only a Sheet of brown Paper; however, it is honour'd by giving the Title of a Dutcheſs to *Squintabella, alias* Madamoiſelle *Loviſe de Queronaille*. At this Sea-port, croſſing the Water, I reach'd at the Diſtance of three Leagues, the *Iſle of Wight*, and proceeded to *Cariſbrook* Caſtle, which inwardly, (as well as outwardly) is much out of Repair, eſpecially the Room in which King *Charles* I. was confin'd a Priſoner, a little before the horrid Murder perpetrated on him, the then prevailing Party, who under a Stratocracy or Army-Power, brought him to the Block, and then conſpir'd to overthrow the well ſettled Conſtitution of this Kingdom with Anarchy, and Confuſion; which unparallell'd Piece of Villany incited me to write *ex tempore* on the Wall of that fatal Place, the following Lines.

What diſmal Horror, and as diſmal Gloom,
Invades the hallow'd Silence of this Room!

Where

Where Majeſty in Mourning ſat, to wait
The wreched News of his more wretched Fate;
Curſt Spawn of Schiſm! to give the fatal Shock,
Which ſent a King a Martyr from the Block.
The barbarous Act, which ſmote his Royal Head,
Our Calendars ſhall ever die with Red,
To paint the Overthrow of th' Church and State,
In the rebellious Times of Forty-Eight.
My Muſe, with the ſhrill Eccho of theſe Walls,
For Vengeance on the bloody Nation calls;
And weeps, till fruitful Albion *is freed*
From the Fanaticks *peſtilential Breed;*
An Offſpring ſprung from that moſt odious Race,
Whoſe Hanging wou'd the Tripple-Tree *diſgrace.*
The Royal Captive here remain'd in Tears,
Till Bradſhaw *doom'd a Period to his Tears;*
But now the injur'd Saint in Peace does dwell,
Whilſt thoſe that judg'd him, burning are in Hell.

Getting croſs the Water again, from this diſmal Iſle, I no ſooner ſet Foot upon *Terra firma*, but I made the beſt of my Way for *Berkſhire*; where I took a Survey of *Windſor* Caſtle, and then thought myſelf as well qualify'd as any Knight of the Garter, to take a Pilgrimage whither I pleas'd: So with a full Body, and an empty Stomach, (for you muſt know, we Pilgrims live not very daintily) I went into *Wiltſhire*, where I as much admir'd the Cathedral of *Saliſbury*, (as an Antiquary doth an old Tomb; who will go forty Miles, and more to ſee it) becauſe it contain'd as many Windows about it, as a *German* Counteſs did once Children in her Womb, which were juſt three hundred ſixty five, the preciſe Number of Days in the Year, unleſs it happens to be *Biſſextile* or Leap-Year, which has one Day more. Hence, I went with a light Heart, and a thin Pair

of

of Breeches into *Dorſetſhire*; where being nothing remarkable to take Notice of, it came into my Noddle to make the following Acroſtick on Nothing.

N othing was the firſt Matter made the World;
O n Man e'er ſince nothing but Plagues are hurl'd.
T he Tye of Wedlock's nothing but a Snare:
H onour's like nothing but the empty Air.
I riſhmen are nothing but Fools void of Senſe:
N othing is Sin but publick Inſolence.
G old! Gold! and nothing elſe quits the Offence.

Next, I went a pilgramaging into *Devonſhire*, which might be properly call'd *Devilſhire*, for ſeeing how the Inhabitants would eat White-Pots red hot in a Manner, a Stranger would be apt to conclude, they came from whence they have nothing elſe for their Food but Brimſtone and Fire. Hereupon, I galloped ſtrait into *Cornwal*, a County very plentiful of Wood-Cocks, not only flying in the Air, but you ſhould alſo ſee them ſmoaking or tipling in every Chimney-Corner, in Winter. Thence, I rambled into *Somerſetſhire*, where, at the *Bath*, I ſaw ſo much Whoredom committed, that I thought the Men, or Women neither had Occaſion to waſh themſelves in hot Water, when their Bodies were all on Fire before; unleſs it was to make an Experiment of that Aphoriſm in Phyſick, which ſays, one Heat drives out another. Not liking this Place, I took a Pilgrimage (I can't ſay Tour, or Progreſs, becauſe Pilgrims are not Noblemen) into *Glouceſterſhire*, where I ſaw the Sins of the People were as red as the Scarlet they die; ſo I ſoon ſhook the Duſt off my Shoes, as a Teſtimony againſt their Wickedneſs, and went to *Oxon*.

No

No ſooner was I enter'd into *Oxfordſhire*, but I was in as longing a Condition, as the big-bellied Woman was for a bite of a Butcher's Arm, to ſee the moſt famous Univerſity of *Oxford*; thinking that in that Academy and Nurſery of Learning, I ſhould ſee Piety, and Virtue, climb up to the very Apex of Glory; but too ſoon were my Hopes fruſtrated, for inſtead of Religion and good Manners, I beheld nothing but Irreligion and Prophaneneſs; for the Scholars were ſo far from being religious, that they were aſham'd of nothing ſo much as that any ſhould have the Charity to think them ſo. They ſeem'd to cry out upon *Eve*, for a lazy and dull Sinner; whilſt in every Oath they loudly ſwore, that Soul not worth damning, that could not ſin without a Temptation. By their horrible and hideous Oaths they ſhew'd, as if indeed they had this deſperate Deſign upon Almighty God, to render his ſacred Name odious to the World, by taking it often in their profane Mouths. Their chief Delight was to dwell upon the ſore Place of an obſcene Poem; at the ſame Time never commending the Poet, but for his Infirmities. Thoſe Sparks call'd Gentlemen Commoners, were ſo fantaſtical and prodigal, that they walk'd as if they went in a Frame; next as if both Head and every Member of them turn'd upon Hinges. Every Step they took, preſented me with a perfect Puppet-Play; and *Rome* itſelf could not in an Age have ſhew'd more Anticks, than one of theſe Blades was able to imitate in half an Hour. Here thoſe who have Money enough allow'd them by their Friends, learn firſt of all to make Choice of their boon Companions, how to rail at the Statutes, and break all good Orders; how to wear a gaudy

Suit, and a torn Gown; to curſe their Tutors by the Name of *Baal*'s Prieſts, and to ſell more Books in half an Hour, than they had bought them in a Year; to forget the ſecond Year what, perhaps for want of Acquaintance with the Vices of the Place, they were forc'd for a Paſs-Time to learn in the firſt, and then they think they have Learning enough for them and their Heirs for ever.

Thought I to my ſelf, if this is *Oxford*, the Devil take the Collegians and Citizens too, for there was never Barrel the better Herring betwixt either of 'em; one was full as bad as the other, ſo I e'en made the beſt of my Way into *Buckinghamſhire*, where, at *Eaton* College, finding the Scholars to have more Guts than Brains, and leſs Learning and good Manners than either of the two, *Utrum horum mavis accipe*, as you may ſee in *Syntaxis*. I ramble'd through *Oxfordſhire*, again into *Worceſterſhire*, where I obſerv'd nothing material, but poor Skeletons of Men and Women, knitting Mittins and Stockings; and Children, both Boys and Girls, ſmoaking Tobacco, in Pipes as black as their Faces, and about an Inch in Length, for a Breakfaſt. Hence I went into *Herefordſhire*, where I thought myſelf under the ſame Puniſhment, as *Tantalus* was when in Hell, for the Hedge-Rows all along the Roads being full of Apple-Trees, the Apples would bob at my Mouth, but I could not catch 'em, which I think was tantalizing me with a Vengeance.

I had not been long in this County, before I ſteer'd my Courſe for *Warwickſhire*, where in the City of *Coventry*, I was ſhew'd the wooden Figure of a Cobler, which (as the People told me) was made to perpetuate the Memory of one of *Criſpin*'s Occupa-

Occupation, whoſe Mouth watering to peep thro his Garret Window, to ſee the Lady *Godiva*'s *Ayforſooth*, as ſhe rid naked on Horſeback through the City, to releaſe the Inhabitants from heavy Taxes laid upon them by her Huſband *Leofric*, he was ſtruck blind for his Saucineſs of preſuming to look at lac'd Mutton. But above all, this County glories much in that it gave Birth to *Guy* Earl of *Warwick*, who killing a fierce dun Cow upon *Dunmoor-Heath*, by *Dunchurch*, both which Places (I ſuppoſe) take their Names from this heroick Bravery; and for this Piece of Service and other Exploits, as killing a wild Boar; his Memory is alſo ſtill perpetuated, as well as the aboveſaid Cobler's, in many Victuallers Signs, to this Day.

Next, going into *Northamptonſhire*, and Night beginning to creep upon me, I began to be mighty Melancholly, as being all alone; but as good Luck would have it, I overtook a Cordwainer, who (as he told me) was newly recover'd from a ſad Miſchance; for walking careleſly one Day, he happen'd to have a Fall, and to ſquat his Breech upon a Hedge-Hog, which he carry'd away as cleverly (it clinging to his Buttocks) as if he had ſate upon a Ball of his Wax. Whether there is a Sympathy between a Shoemaker's Tail, and the Skin of an Urchin, or whether the Briſtles of the Creature enter'd the Pores of his Backſide, I liſt not to decide that Controverſy now; but however, the Mortal complain'd, that it was an uneaſy Cuſhion, and that that Spinny of Awls, had made a Cullender of his Backſide. But being not much concern'd at the Cerebroſity of his ſcievy Bum, the Eyelet-Holes whereof being not very deep, we went together, till we came to a Church, ſtand-

ing like an Ace, and moping by itſelf, at ſome Diſtance from a little Village; which, whether it ran from the Pariſh, or the Pariſh from it, I was not then inform'd; though I have moſt Reaſon to ſuſpect the latter, in Regard as to outward Appearance the weak Conſtitution of the Fabrick ſeem'd not much to be addicted to run. It ſeem'd to be very crazy, and had a Muffler of Ivy, which I preſume was inſtead of Crutches; for whereas that feeble Vegetable is uſually upheld by the Walls it clings to, I believe it was a Buttreſs here to ſupport the Walls. But having ſadden'd our Aſpect with the melancholly Looks of this deſolate Temple, we took our leave of it, and ſhot directly into the Village; at our firſt Salutation whereof we chanc'd to pop into a dapper Ale-Houſe, mightily ſtuft with a huge Hoſteſs, whoſe Moiſture diſtilling through the Pores of her Body, and being ſomewhat turn'd through exceſſive Heat, ſtruck our olfactive Nerves with ſo great a Sowerneſs, that we had quite been overcome with this Veſſel of Vinegar, had ſhe not too much jogg'd herſelf by an unhappy Fall, and ſpilt a great Quantity of her unctuous Liquor. The Shoemaker conjectur'd ſhe had loſt about five or ſix Pounds Avoirdupois, from her Rear, and preſently concluded ſhe was in great Danger of hanging all a-one-Side, unleſs ſome charitable Perſon ſhould help her with Thruſt of aſſiſting Noſe. We had ſcarce prim'd our Pipes, but in comes a Law-Jobber, accompanied with a Bum-Bruſher, or School-Maſter of the Place, who, after ſome Time, took Occaſion to try their Skill and Breeding at Fiſtycuffs, but (Thanks to the Stars) without any Danger to their Profeſſions; for they did not ſo much Aim at the Head, as level their Fury

Fury at each others Heels, where their Knowledge was not ſuppos'd to lie, tho' ſome there held that they had as much Learning at one End, as they had at t'other.

At this blind Alehouſe, I and *Criſpin*'s Diſciple lay one Night, whence, we ſojourn'd together into *Bedfordſhire*, till we came to *Dunſtable*, a Town builded by King *Henry* I. to bridle the Outrageouſneſs of one *Dun*, a notable Thief, from whom it takes its Name. Here, Mr. Snob having a Miſtreſs, and being almoſt within the Atmoſphere of her Preſence, began to wind her, and had a great Tendency to the Place were ſhe was; ſo that I might as ſoon expect a Stone to fall beyond the Centre, as that this Gentle-Craftſman ſhould budge further; wherefore, nothing was expected now, but an immediate Divorce from each others Company; but before we parted, he oblig'd me with the Proſpect both of her Perſon and Fortune. As for the firſt, as ſoon as I ſaw it, I had greater Reaſon to congratulate my Eye-ſight than before; for ſhe was bleſt with the moſt raviſhing Aſpect, and a ſnug Face, moſt prodigiouſly grac'd with a dainty fine Noſe, faſten'd in the Middle; which was not like ſome Snouts that look more upon one Cheek, than they do upon the other, but ſhew'd equal Proſpect to both, not at all diſobliging the Right, by ſteering too much on the Left. And then for her Eyes, they are excellent at twiring, and would (I warrant you) be ſure to keep the Noſe ſafe, for one look'd one Way, and the other, another. The Woman had a Mouth too, which was ſomewhat bigger than that of a Blunderbuſs, tho' not twice as big as the capacious Bore of a *Wincheſter* Quart-pot. This Mouth, ſhe put but to one Uſe,

and

and that's the ſame we put ours to, that is, to eat three or four Meals in a Day; for it ſeems, whereas other Women often uſe theirs in Prating and Twatling, we perceiv'd, that this ſav'd her Mouth, and ſpake through the Noſe. As I have given you the Picture of her Perſon, ſo now I'll preſent you with a Landſkip of her Fortune. As for her Lands, that is, Paſture-Ground, and Meadow, we could not diſcern, but that (like a Spot upon the Globe) they took but little Room upon the Surface of the Earth; and (like the Poſſeſſions of *Alcibiades*) were but a little Speck to the World. A little Muck would dung her Fallow; one high Table T---(to ſpeak in the *Oxford* Dialect) would much enrich it, and an Ear of Corn would go near to ſow it: 'Tis like, ſhe had Graſs enough for a Couple of Rabbits. Having ſurveyed the Paramour, and the Portion of this ſnivelling Cobler, after a Treble go-down out of a Tin-Pot, a right Line Scrape with Left-Leg, and uncouth Doffing off a bad Bonnet, I return'd his Coblerſhip Thanks for his Society, and ſolemnly took Leave of my Fellow-Traveller.

After this Departure, I was forc'd to beguile away the Time in the ſhady Solitude of ſilent Thoughts, which, before, I ſpent in the briſker Entertainments of Diſcourſe and Dialogue. At length I came into *Cambridgeſhire*, ſome Parts whereof ſeem'd to be a little *Arabia* of Sand, enough (as I thought) to ſupply all the Hour-Glaſſes in the County; nay, perhaps, and that of Time too, till the laſt Minute. Arriving at the Univerſity of *Cambridge*, I lay at *Jeſus* College, in the Garden of which Place, I diſcover'd among ſome Ruins, the Snout, and ſome other Limbs

of

of a murder'd Dial; yet it was not ſo defac'd, but that I could diſcover in its Phyſiognomy, ſome martyr'd Figures, that were yet legible, and there were ſome Reliques of Lines, that were not quite obliterated by Time, who, I preſume, being vext that it ſhould obſerve his Motions, had out of Envy and Malice, thus far ſet his Grinders in it, to deface it. Here, the Students, at *Oxford*, would be as drunk as any Woman, outſwear a Life-guard-Man, or Horſe-Grenadier; and eat, drink, and lie with any Body. But when I ſaw whole Shoals of great hulking Fellows, in ſuch ragged Gowns, that our *London* Bunters would ſcorn to pick 'em up, flocking about the Kitchen-door, ſome with Baſons, ſome with Porringers, ſome with Pipkins, ſome with Pans, ſome with Chamber-Pots, and ſome with their very Caps, to beg College Broth; I thought the Scene a very lively Reſemblance of poor Lazarus, begging for the Crumbs which fell from the Table of *Dives*.

Hence, I went into *Huntingdonſhire*, which is a very proper County for unſucceſsful Lovers to live in; for upon the Loſs of their Sweethearts, they will here find an Abundance of Willow-Trees, ſo that they may either wear the Willow green, or hang themſelves, which they pleaſe; but the latter is reckon'd the beſt Remedy for ſlighted Love. Paſſing through *Godmanchester*, I rambled to *Watford* in *Hartfordſhire*, near which Town, formerly ſtood *Langley-Abbey*, the Birth Place of *Nicholas Breakſpear*, who in the Year 1154, being advanc'd to the Papal Dignity, aſſum'd the Name of *Adrian* IV. and tho' he had been a poor Servant, was ſo proud, as to excommunicate an Emperor of *Germany*, a *Sicilian* King, and the Senators of *Rome*; for theſe Popes are ſawcy Fellows,

when

when they come to wear triple Crowns, as Kings of Heaven, Earth, and Hell; which laſt Place, they have enjoy'd by Hereditary Right and Succeſſion, many Ages before the Reign of Pope *Joan*.

Going next into *Eſſex*, which is as ſubject to Agues, as the Hundreds of *Drury* is to the Pox, and the whole County much noted for its excellent Calves, but the biggeſt of that Sort of Cattle are the Inhabitants. I paſs'd through *Colcheſter*, and croſſing the County, got into *Staffordſhire*, where being inform'd at the City of *Lichfield*, that the Thief-taker-General of *England* firſt receiv'd his damn'd ſtinking Breath it that County; I did not care for ſtaying long there, for Fear, the Change of this Air ſhould make me as vile, and double corrupted a ——— as himſelf. In caſe it ſhould be this Fellow's good Fortune to dance at *Tyburn*, betwixt Heaven and Earth, as being unworthy of either, the Ordinary of *Newgate* may give this Account of him in his dying Speech; how that his Parentage was very obſcure and mean; his Livelihood at firſt was obtaining Charity from Milk-Maids, and other Country Laſſes, by ſqueezing pretty Ditties out of the Womb of a Bladder, with a Piece of Packthread; and if he ſhould prove ſo harden'd at the Gallows, as to make no larger Confeſſion of himſelf, ſet him down (like *Paul Lorrain*) obſtinate. In fine, he had ſuch a bad Character among his own Country-Men, that ſome ſaid, it was great Pity he had not been hang'd as ſoon as he was breech'd; whilſt others reply'd, that he ought never to die, but be toſs'd from D——l to D——l, till there was no Hell left to toſs him in any longer.

I ſoon

I ſoon made the beſt of my Way into *Shropſhire*, where, at a little Town, or rather Village, call'd *Woor*, happen'd a ſad Misfortune; for a certain Glaſs-Caſe, by Reaſon of the Rudeneſs of two luſty Puſſes, but whether affrighted at their Catterwauling, or it being not able to bear them in the Acts of Love, I cannot tell which, but certain it was, it let go its Hold, and after a diſmal Manner, came blundering down, attended with the Ruin of ſeveral Jiggumbobs, and Jimcracks, as the Ivory Gums of a toothleſs Comb, a little bottle-breech'd Glaſs repleniſh'd with Love Powder; a Brace of blind Needles, that loſt their Eyes in the Fall; a double Scut of a Hare ty'd up with a ſingle Packthread; the latter End of an old Broomſtick; the Butt End of an old Sugar-Loaf; the true Lovers Knot made in Wire, a ſquare bit of Tin, the Margin of a broad Hat, one Finger-Stall, two Taggs, a Feſcue made of Braſs Wire, a crack'd Glaſs with a Club-Foot, the Skin of an Onion ſtuft with Arſenick, and one Whisker of a bearded Arrow. But as one Misfortune ſeldom comes alone, ſo this was attended with another, for a young *Salopian* Laſs who was the Proprietor of theſe Things, took the Accident of them ſo much to Heart, that ſhe very decently hang'd herſelf, to the no ſmall Comfort, to be ſure, of her Parents, who had ſix or ſeven Children, beſides this unhappy Daughter, whom nobody could blame for this Piece of Raſhneſs; for is it not a ſad Thing to loſe ſo commodious a Place, to lay pretty Things in, and all by the Miſdemeanour of two unmannerly Cats? For where could this poor Creature afterwards have laid her Gally-Pots, Gums, and Pomatum? Had theſe Mouſehunters only eas'd Nature there, and then jingerly depar-

ted, they had been very excuſable; but firſt to come ſlily into a Ladies Chamber, and then to ſquabble and fall out there, and in the Midſt of their Quarrel to purſue one another to the Top of a Shelf, and there to renew the Battle again, and to box one another 'till they fell themſelves, and demoliſh'd that very Thing which ſupported them in their bickering, as the Fool in the Fable ſaw'd off the Bough he ſat on, Oh! this is a very ſad Thing indeed; and would make any other young Woman, who had no more Senſe then ſhe, hang herſelf likewiſe.

But bidding Adieu to the proud *Salopians*, I went into *Cheſhire*, where the Towns ending much upon the *Wich*, as *Nantwich*, *Middlewich*, *Northwich*; I thought they affected the *Dutch* Way of putting one Name to the End of their Towns, as *Rotterdam*, *Schiedam*, *Amſterdam*, and ſo forth.

In the City of *Cheſter*, I happen'd to lie at a Phyſician's Houſe, whoſe Pretences to Learning were very great, but by our Converſation, I found him to have more Stomach than Brains, and therefore was more like to have more Conſolation in the Kitchin, than in a Study; for there, perhaps he might find a Jobb of Work for his Grinders; whereas he knew not what to do with his Books, unleſs he ſhould act the Moth, and eat them. I perceiv'd his Parts to lie more towards the Powderingtub, than his *Pharmacopeia*; for whilſt he was buſy in the former, he might keep himſelf alive, but when he read in the latter, he would kill his Patients. We had ſome roaſt Beef for Supper; and I commonly found him within an Inch of the Dripping-pan, with an Acre of Bread in his Hand, which he call'd a Sop, and with it, when my Back was turn'd, he uſually ſpung'd up the Dripping, whereby he chea-

ted

ted Sir-Loyn, and robb'd his Knighthood of its due Moiſture. Hence, I went into the County of *Northumberland*, where I found *Newcaſtle*, almoſt entirely ſurrounded with Coal Pits, whence ſeeing Myriads of Men, as black as *Old Nick*, aſcending out of the ſubterranean Shops, upon the Surface of the Earth, I imagin'd them to have been ſo many *Cyclops* who had been helping *Vulcan* to forge Thunderbolts for *Jupiter*. Not liking the Converſation of theſe *Engliſh* Negroes, I ſtept over the River *Tine* into the County of *Durham*, where, in the City bearing the ſame Name, I lay one Night; and next Morning taking my Leave of my Landlady, about half a Mile from the Town, I ſaw a Church-Yard, where was a whole Herd of Swine a routing, as if they had been turn'd in on Purpoſe to root up *Chriſtians*, as they are in the Fields in *Italy*, to dig up Turfles. A little Wall lay ſculking about this Territory of the dead, which I ſuppoſe, was plac'd there as a Bulwark to their Aſhes; but it prov'd but a feeble Fence againſt the Intruſion of the Lambs, who made frequent Capreols into this ſilent Dormitory: The Mound was rais'd a little, capt with Turf, and environ'd with the Hollowneſs of a good handſome Ditch; but yet, neither Cap, nor Ditch could keep theſe Animals from leap-frogging over them, from grazing in a Charnel-Houſe, and from turning a Cœmitery of Shades, and Ghoſts into a feeding Paſture of hungry Beaſts.

At laſt, I got into *Yorkſhire*, where, beyond *Northallerton*, meeting with a Herdſman, I was almoſt frighted out of my Wits, for this Fellow was a ſtrange Creature, wonderfully *Goth'd*, and be-*Vandall'd*, even to Barbarity itſelf. He was

really a Clown in grain, an uncultivated Boor, a Beaſt of the Herd in Humane Shape. I propos'd a Query or two about the Genius of the County; he told me the Soil was cold, and big with Clay, and would doubtleſs yield a good Harveſt of Tobacco-Pipes; and as for the Inhabitants, he ſaid, they were a Pap-Pudding Sort of People, much addicted to that vile Sort of Creature. As he ſaid, I ſaw a whole Table at a Chriſtening, ſpread with a Yard of Pudding, and a Balk of Beef, a Ridge at one End and a Furrow at the other; which did ſo wonderfully work upon the Chaps of the Goſſips, and make their Mouths water, that the Godfathers and Godmothers fell furiouſly to Snouting for ſome few Morſels; mean while the two ear'd Pitcher, that ſtood upon the Bench, was Mr. *Prynn'd* in Scuffle, that is, loſt a Lug in the Fray; and as I was afterwards inform'd, the Diſtaff loſt a Lock or two of its flaxen Perriwig. The Women of this Country are very coming, and are as great Breeders, as any of our *Engliſh Quakers*; and as for the Men, they are naturally born Thieves, being as dextrous Rogues at Horſe-Stealing as a Serjeant at the *Poultry*, or *Woodſtreet-Compter* in ſelling Minutes dearer than a Watchmaker. But among rational Wonders in a Village, where I ſay, the moſt remarkable WONDER was an eminent Cot-Quean, a meer Woman in the Habit of a Man, a Kind of *Mol Cut-Purſe* Creature, an Epicene Animal of a twiſted Gender, who had a Petticoat Soul in a trunk-breech'd Body, and ſcandaliz'd Virility, by Skill in Houſewifery. He ſpun (the Neighbours ſaid) like a Spider, and made his Wheel giddy by a ſwift *Vertigo*. He was a learned Craftſman in the making

king of Diet, a notable Food-Framer, who buffeted Cream, till he frighted it into a Conſiſtence, and then knocking it into Butter, ſqueez'd it afterwards with Dexterity of Fiſt. He was alſo endow'd with the Gift of toſſing Pancakes, and had a wonderful Knack at tempering the Materials of a Bag-Pudding, inſomuch, that he ſurpaſs'd all the Dairy-Maids in the Milk-Pan Accompliſhments; and was alſo excellently well qualify'd for a Meal-Tub Office. Here I taſted of the Hoſpitality of this fœmaſculine Wight, who ſpread a Jointſtool with ſeveral Sorts of Viands, which though not very delicate, yet the Variety might attone and make amends for their Meanneſs. Here was the *Epidermis* of a Hog, the outward Skin, call'd the Sword of Bacon, which was infected with the Jaundies, for it look'd very yellow; next, was the Hull of a Peſcod, plunder'd of its Peaſe, and corn'd with Salt; ſome broken Fragments of Sheeps Trotters, *St. Laurenc'd* on a Gridiron; the minc'd Spurs of a bootleſs Cock, a ſkin'd Quadrant of ſoft Cheeſe, well ſawc'd with the Butt-ends of forked Scallions; and the mouldy Reverſion of an antiquated Loaf, dipt in the Verdure Watercreſſes Pottage, which afforded me the Refreſhment of a pretty Collation: After which I went to Bed, and ſlept very ſound till next Morning. When, getting that Day, into *Newark* upon *Trent*, *Nottinghamſhire*, I was no ſooner arriv'd into the Navel of the Town, but I ſaw ſuch an Aſſembly of Proviſion as repreſented a Market, which was unhappily diſturb'd by an unfortunate Accident; for a certain Bull of an uncertain Man, having miſtaken his Box, and taken Pepper in the Noſe inſtead of Snuff, and being enrag'd and heated by

by Virtue of the Spice, took a friſk about the Croſs, and empty'd by his Ramble all Stalls and Panniers; ſo that this briſk Cuſtomer made a ſcrambling kind of Dinner for the whole County; for the Mob, *alias* the civiliz'd Rabble, was riding upon one anothers Backs for Viands and Booty, and was tumbling among the Ruins of Bakers, Butchers, and Coſtermongers.

Hence I made a Pilgrimage to *Grantham* in *Lincolnſhire*, where a little out of Town I over took a Fellow, who began to ſtrike up with his Pipe, and thinking he had but one, he preſently perceiv'd it to be multiply'd into an Organ, and wonder'd (with the Bumpkin that pull'd at the Bellows) that he had ſo much Harmony in him. For you muſt know hereabouts dwelt a Thing call'd an *Eccho*, who as ſoon as ſhe heard *Sol, fa*, whip! ſhe improv'd the Melody into Noiſe and Conſort; preſently increaſing thoſe ſingle Notes into the whole *Gamut*; and moſt neatly play'd the Wag with the Tail of his Voice, being a very pretty Songſter, that ſings well by the Ear. But leaving the Piper by himſelf to ſolace with the tatling Reverberation of Voice, I proceeded on my Journey into *Rutlandſhire*, the leaſt County in *England*, where at *Oakham*, the Shire-Town, is a Cuſtom, that when a Nobleman comes on Horſeback within its Precincts, the Inhabitants make him pay the Homage of a Shoe from his Horſe, or take Money for it. And ſo exorbitant is this Cuſtom grown now, that if a Lady, be ſhe as tall as long *Meg* of *Weſtminſter*, or as ſhort as the little Woman, that was carried formerly about the Country in a Box, as fat as the Royal Sovereign the largeſt firſt Rate Fire-Ship that ſails *Drury-Lane*, and the narrow Seas contiguous to it, or

as

as lank as *Pharaoh*'s lean Kine, they would ſwear ſhe was a *Flander*'s Mare, and preſently take toll from her Foot. This Sharpneſs hath made moſt of the *Rutlandſhire* People, much addicted to the Vice of Theft; every Thing ſticks to their pitchy Fingers; and they have ſuch an attractive Virtue, that wherever they come, all Things trot after the Magnetiſm of their Perſons. A Fellow ſquating upon a Criket in a Room I was in, and riſing up from his Seat, the Stool on a Sudden (as if tackt to his Backſide) immediately march'd after him, to the great Amazement of the Woman of the Houſe, who did not ſuſpect, that his Bum had Hands, or that her Stool ſo nimbly could have us'd its Legs. Another eſpying a Cylinder of Bag-Pudding pretty Thick in the Waſte, lolling upon the Table, whilſt the Hoſteſs turn'd her Back, in the very twinkling of her Head, pocuſs'd it into Fob, and ſo ſhrouded its Dimenſions into a ſecond Bag. Moreover obſerving a joulter headed Fellow, looking very wiſhfully at my Head, fearing he had ſome Deſign upon what few Brains I had, to furniſh his own empty Noddle; I preſently paid my Reckoning, and made the beſt of my Way for *London*; where I was no ſooner arriv'd, but perceiving moſt People murmuring at the great Indulgence then extended to the *Diſſenters*, I compos'd (at the earneſt Requeſt of ſome Friends) the following Lines on Toleration.

Religion! *Now a meer fantaſtick Name,*
The Heathens *Glory, but the* Chriſtians *Shame*;
A Cloak for Hyprocites, *the Tool of State,*
And, to decoy dull Fools, the Levites Bait;

Thy

Thy Luſtre *was not tarniſh'd in the Time*
When Vice *was ill, and* Virtue *was no Crime?*
When holy Folks from Sin *for Refuge fled,*
And no Diſſention *in Opinions bred.*
In the firſt Infancy *of humane Race,*
The World was overſhadowed with Grace;
The very Light of Nature Goodneſs *taught,*
And humble Vot'ries to the Altar brought;
Where Hecatombs, *no longer doom'd to live,*
Sincere Devotion *did to Heaven give.*
Again, the Jews *were not ſo very blind,*
But they in Rites *and* Types cou'd Bleſſings find;
Moſaic *Cuſtoms, and* Levitic Rules,
Was all the Doctrine of the Rabbins *Schools:*
In myſtic Rites, and ceremonial Laws,
With GOD *and* Angels *they cou'd plead their Cauſe.*
But now the Temple-Veil *is drawn aſide,*
Which did the Truth in Hieroglyphicks hide,
The great Meſſiah, *by a wond'rous Birth,*
From Heaven *came, to preach to Men on Earth;*
Whoſe ſacred Sermons *ſhew'd the certain Way,*
How all the World JEHOVAH *muſt obey:*
And by his ſeamleſs Garment *we may ſee,*
One only Faith *does pleaſe the* Deity.

So

So Toleration's *but* a Wile, to draw
Diſſenters *from the* Goſpel *and the* Law;
But none by ſuch Indulgence *will be ſhamm'd,*
But Fools, that will in ſpite of Fate be d—'d.

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THE

Comical PILGRIM,

OR,

Travels thro' WALES.

HAVING had a Suit of Law in Chancery, which was loſt thro' my Lawyers Miſmanagement, at the Charge of twenty five Pounds out of Pocket, I could not forbear making the following Obſervations on the Unhappineſs of thoſe People who go to Law.

Some are ſo zealous to ruin one another, that *Weſtminſter-Hall* is every Term made the Place of Deſtruction. They faſten upon, worry and tear one another; and he that gets the better, generally pays ſo dear for his Victory that he had better have ſat down by the Loſs. Not that I would, with the *Socinians*, ſtretch that Command of

of our Saviour to his Diſciples, to let the Coat go after the Cloak, and make it a Sin againſt the Goſpel, for Chriſtians to go to Law, any farther, than that they ſhould not contend for Trifles. *Chriſtianity* lays no Body open to be abus'd, and impos'd upon, where a regular Remedy may be had. It forbids doing as we would not be done by, and obliges us to bearing and forbearing, rather than to be litigious; but takes away no Body's Property, nor gives ſo much Countenance to Injuſtice, as to diſarm the oppreſs'd from recovering their Right. Had going to Law been a Crime in itſelf, it had never been permitted to the *Jews*. They were allow'd it, and had Courts by divine Appointment erected for the Determination, of what belong'd to every Man. And it is too much for a few ſingular Diſſenters upon a Text, to take upon themſelves the putting a Bar to *Chriſtian* Liberty, which in all Ages has been admitted. Nor can we ſee here that theſe Precepts of the Sermon upon the Mount, be confin'd as ſome would have them, to the firſt Ages only: That what was legal in thoſe Days, it is not the ſame now. It ſeems to be from too much Inclination to the World, ſuch Expoſitions have been ſet up, that make a Difference in Times and Seaſons, as if the Precepts of the Goſpel were not always of the ſame Obligation; and we could excuſe ourſelves in the Contempt of them, becauſe we are not the Perſons they were immediately deliver'd to.

Tho' the litigious Humour of ſome Men richly deſerve a chargeable Remedy, there is yet a Commiſeration due ſometimes to their Antagoniſt. A Man may, whether he will or not, be engag'd in theſe bloody Conflicts at the Suit of his Neighbour's Pride or Malice. And ſince the moſt peaceable Temper may be oblig'd to complain of Op-

preſſion, or anſwer the Charge of Picque and Revenge; 'tis Pity but Juſtice were to be obtain'd at a cheaper Rate, and a ſlight Wound may be cur'd without Amputation, which nothing but a Gangrene can juſtify. We could wiſh the Law were leſs chargeable; that ſeeking Right were not as bad as ſuffering Wrong: That the Avenues to Juſtice were not to be ſet with Robbers, that a Man muſt loſe one Purſe to recover another, and be ſtript into the Bargain. *Juſtice* (we are told) ſhould be blind, and ſo we think ſhe is, when ſhe can't ſee the exorbitant Fees of her Attendants. When to be let in and let out, coſts ſo much Oppreſſion, nothing could have been ſeverer. When the Man that's ſummon'd to anſwer in a litigious Suit, muſt go thro' ſo many Toils, and be ſo often ſpung'd in his Paſſage, he might as well have paſs'd for Guilty, as pleaded Innocence: Like the Chriſtians in *Turkey*, who pay double Taxes for their Religion, and hire infidel Moderation to connive at their Patriarch's Juriſdiction. Why theſe Impoſts were laid upon the Road to Juſtice we never could underſtand. How that can be made out, we are much at a Loſs. Which of the liberal Arts or Sciences thrives upon the Fees of Door-Keepers? Is copying and Abbreviation ſo eſſential a Point to Learning, a Nation could not have maintain'd a Character without it? Are ſo many Lines a Sheet, and ſo many Words in a Line, ſo Mathematical a Subſtraction of one Money, that the Credit of the Nation muſt riſe in Proportion to the Loſſes of the poor Meagre waſted *Culprit*? We are told too 'tis upon a politick Account, to prevent Contention: That the more difficult is the Way to Juſtice, the more People are inclin'd to be quiet. If the Courts were open to every Grievance, there would be

Com

Complaints without End. A Hog could not go thro' a Stone Yard, but the Law muſt be rais'd againſt the Treſpaſſer. A Man could not be an Hour without a *Subpœna* or Attachment, if there was Room for every Body's Impertinence. 'Twould prevent Contention as effectually, if the Perſon in Fault were puniſh'd; if paying ſufficient Coſt to the Adverſary or Fine, were inflicted by the Court upon a litigious Plaintiff, or roguiſh Defendant.

As the Cauſe ſtands, the Law is a Weapon for the Proud, and revengeful. Theſe may be in the Right, at leaſt have their Revenge, if their Purſe be the longeſt. So chargeable have been the Methods of bringing Oppreſſors to Account, ſo expenſive the Armour to defend the Innocent, that one may think the firſt Loſs had been the beſt, and the other wiſh he had let the Coat go to him that had taken away the Cloak. There's a Revolution indeed of Eſtates, and where the Law has broke one Family, it has rais'd another. If the Deſolation the Law has made, were recorded, and the Enſigns of the Orphans and Widows were hung up, whoſe forlorn Relations have been preſs'd into the Service, there would be no Room for thoſe brought from the *Danube* and *Ramellies*. 'Tis true, much may be ſaid in Favour of a miſtaken Client, in Excuſe of Ignorance, Paſſion, and the like: But where a Man engages in a Cauſe palpably litigious and unjuſt, he becomes a Party to the Injuſtice, and deſerves at leaſt equal Puniſhment with him he appears for. *Thou ſaweſt a Thief, and conſentedſt unto him*, is chargeable upon the Pleader, as a Perſon concern'd. Should theſe Maintainers of Learning be mercenary, and like Sergeants at the *Compter*, gape at every Retainer? Should they have an Indulgence

gence to croſs-bite an Evidence, to abuſe the Adverſary, and rip up the Misfortunes of his Family, and belch a few Witticiſms inſtead of Arguments? How ſhall the World maintain Reverence to their Opinion? How ſhall we take them for the Guides of Conſcience, ſet aſide the receiv'd Interpretation of the Law, and believe them when they ſay, *The Caſe is alter'd?* I ſhall ſay no more upon this Point, but only uſe theſe Words of our Saviour, *Woe unto you alſo, ye Lawyers: For ye lade Men with Burdens grievous to be born, and ye yourſelves touch not the Burdens with one of your Fingers. Wo unto you Lawyers: For ye have taken away the Key of Knowledge: Ye enter'd not in yourſelves, and they that were entring in, ye hindred.*

Being quite ſurfeited with ſeeing the Legerdemain, or *bocus pocus* Tricks of Madam *Aſtræa, alias* Juſtice, the Day after *Trinity-Term* being, dreſt with *Aurora*, nay before ſhe had put on her *Indian* Gown, I ſet out with the Sun in order to take a Pilgrimage into *Wales*, who bearing me Company but little while, withdrew into an Appartment behind a Cloud, at whoſe Abſence, the Heavens frowning and contracting their Brows, did preſently fall a crying, and wept ſuch plentiful Showers of Tears that they moiſtned my Skin with the Deluge of their Grief. At the End of 8 or 9 Days, I reach'd *Wales*, which is the moſt monſtrous Limb in the whole Body of Geography; for 'tis generally reported to be without a Middle, or if it hath a Navel, it is yet a *Terra incognita*; for I never could find that ever any Man dwelt there, the Natives confeſſing themſelves only Borderers. Surely the Reaſon why they do ſo much affect the Circumference of their Country, and abominate the Centre, is, becauſe they are aſham'd of the Dominion; and indeed,

'tis

'tis a Sign they have but a little Kindneſs for their Nation, who (like unnatural Sons) run from their Mother their Country, and when out of her Embraces, never return again. A *Welſhman*, when once abroad, hath no more Tendency Home, than a Stone an Inclination to fall upward: He will trot o'er the Globe, and rather endure the Affliction of any Exile, than the cruel Puniſhment of being baniſh'd Home; if he is once on this Side *Dee*, neither Hunger, nor Huſks, nor any Kind of Hardſhip ſhall drive him on the other.

No ſooner had I ſet my Feet upon *Welſh* Turf, but in a little Time I found the Country was tuckt in on all Sides with the Sea, except on the Eaſt, on which Part it was ditch'd in from *England* by that notable Delver, King *Offa*, King of the *Mercians*: Over this Dike, if any *Welſhman* chance to ſkip with his Sword by his Side, by King *Harold*'s Law, he was to loſe a Branch of his Body, *i. e.* his right Arm was lopt off by the King's Officers. Some think it had its Name from its Godfather *Idwallo*, Son to *Cadwallader*, who with a ſmall Crew of *Britons*, at the Arrival of the *Saxons*, hid themſelves in this Corner. Others ſuppoſe them to be the Spawn of the *Gauls*, from whom they ſeem to be but a few *Aps* remov'd; *ap Galloys*, *ap Gauls*, *ap Wallois*, *ap Wales*.

As for the Inhabitants, they are a pretty Sort of Creatures, which when I ſaw, I was ſo far from ſtroaking them with the Palms of Love, that I was almoſt ready to buffet them with the Fiſt of Indignation. They are a rude People, and want much Inſtruction. Not one *Welſhman* is ſharp, unleſs his Mother happens to pour Vinegar into his Ear, when young. When I conſider the Soil from whence they ſprang, and the

Deſarts,

Deſarts, and Mountains wherein they wander, I cannot but think, that greater Pains ſhould be taken in cultivating and manuring, in diſciplining, and taming them, in Regard 'tis harder for a Bearward to teach Civility to the Beaſts of *Africk*, than thoſe who come from a more mannerly Country. I have been inform'd that they were dug from a Quarry, and that they dwell in a ſtony Land; ſo that if we compare this Kingdom to a Man, as ſome do *Italy* to a Man's Leg, they inhabit the very Teſticles of the Nation. And I pray what are thoſe but the vileſt of Creatures that breed as well in the Privities of the greater *Britiſh* World, as thoſe that are hatcht in the *Pudenda* of the leſſer? But whether *Welſhmen* are the *Aborigines* of their Country, as Crab-Lice are the *Autochthones* of theirs, and proceed only (like them) from the Excrements of their Soil, I ſhall not here diſpute. They are of a booriſh Behaviour, of a ſavage Phyſiognomy; the Shabbineſs of their Bodies, and the Baoticalneſs of their Souls, and that, which cannot any otherwiſe be expreſt, the *Welchneſs* of both, will fright a Man as faſt from them, as the Odneſs of their Perſons invites one to behold them. Some of them are ſuch rude and indigeſted Lumps, ſo far from being Men, that they can ſcarce be advanc'd into living Creatures; nay they are ſuch unmanageable Materials, that they can ſcarce be hewn into the Shape of Blocks; much Labour and Art is requir'd therefore to make them Statues.

The whole Nation (like a *German* Family) is of one Quality; for as every Lord's Son is a Lord in *Germany*, ſo every one is crown'd with the Title of Gentleman here; ſo that hur Country is a good Paſture for an Herald to bite in. In their

their Travels they care not much that their Horſes ſhould drink with a Toaſt, as appears by the which a *Shinkin* diſcover'd, whom his quaffing Beaſt had pitch-pol'd into a River. Udſplutter-a-nails quoth he in great Fury, what cannot hur drink without a Toaſt? He took it much in dudgeon, that the Jade ſhould be ſo bold as to make a Sop of his Maſter.

The Materials of his Apparel are uſually a well ſhagg'd Freeze, ſo that we cannot call it ſleepy, being fleec'd with a Nap like any Sheep-Skin: It affords excellent Harbour to the Vermin of his Body, which whether it be ſtockt with Store of Joicements of them, he commonly ſignifies by the Symbol of a Shrug. The Perfection of a *Welſhman*'s Equipage, the Cream (as it were) of his Accoutrements, and that which compleats ever his moſt feſtival Attire, is (as the Story goes) an old Sword of hur nown breeding, which hur hath brought up from a Tagger: And this he can brandiſh with much Valour againſt the tremenduous on-ſet of dragooning Bees; a kind of Enemy which the Taffy is much afraid of, in Regard he is always arm'd with a Pike in's Reer, which once upon a Time faſtening in his Forehead, broach'd ſuch a Pore in his Phyſiognomy, that he could never endure thoſe humbuzzing Gentlemen (as he calls them) in yellow Doublets.

The Country is mountanious, and yields pretty Handſome clambering for Goats, and hath Variety of Precipice to break ones Neck; which a Man may ſooner do than fill his Belly, the Soil being barren, and an excellent Place to breed a Famine in. It is reported of *Campania*, that it was the moſt noble Region in the

World, the Air pleaſant, the Soil fertil, the Theatre of *Bacchus* and *Ceres*, where they were at fifty-cuffs for the Preheminence: But I perceiv'd no ſuch Scuffle in *Wales*; for thoſe Deities are ſo far from fighting there, that I could not diſcern they were ſo much as ever there; there being ſcarce Water and Oatmeal to give a Man Being. I could not expect *Egypt* and the *Canaries* Buts and Granaries to give me a well Being: There is no *Canaan* to be found in a Deſart. As for the Diet of a *Briton*, a good Meſs of Flummery, and a Pair of Eggs, he rejoyces at, as a Feaſt, eſpecially if he may cloſe his Stomach with toaſted Cheeſe, for a Morſel of which he hath a great Kindneſs. You may ſee him pictur'd ſometimes with that Crevice in his Head call'd a Mouth, charg'd at both Corners with a Creſent of Cheeſe, and himſelf a Cock-Horſe on a red Herring, and his Hat adorn'd with a Plume of Leeks: Good edible Equipage! Which when hunger pinches, he makes bold to nibble; he firſt eats his Cheeſe and his Leeks together, and for ſecond Courſe he devours his Horſe. But he never much cared for a Sop, ſince once upon a Time it drank up all his Drink, and would not club to pay his Sh[illegible]

The *Cambro-Britons* are great Admirers of Heroick Actions, and much Honour the Memory of famous Atchievements; inſomuch, that rather than a dead-doing Man ſhall periſh in Oblivion, they will eternize his Memory by the Monument of a Straw, or ſome ſuch inconſiderable Trifle; as appears by the famous Example of that Saint of their Country, Biſhop *David*, who being a pert Fighter, and having ſoundly baſted and ſwadled their Foes, is at this Day conſecrated

ed to Poſterity by the Trophy of a Leek; and ſmells as rank of Renown from that vegetable Preſervative that embalms his Fame, as they do of a Scallion that carry it about for his Glory. Their Hats are ſet with this anniverſary Badge, and Emblem of Honour and Triumph, on the firſt of *March*; which Day hath been chriſten'd by his Name, and being dubb'd an Holyday, hath worn yearly a black Livery in the Almanack.

Nevertheleſs, the *Welchmen* being curſedly thick-ſcull'd, they are ſo far from being Plotters, that they ſwear they will never fight for any King upon Earth, but the Prince of *Wales*; becauſe there can be no true Royal Blood running in the Veins of any great Man, but what borrows his Title from their Country, let him be born where he will: And conſidering what wicked plotting Times we now live in, no Body can blame them for their Cautiouſneſs of being hang'd, for tho' it is a Death natural to them, yet they ſay, ſleeping in a whole Skin is beſt. Not that they value hanging, but only they abhor the Death, unleſs the Office is perform'd by a *Welch* Hangman, inſtead of an *Engliſh* one.

They are much inclin'd to Choler, for hur *Welch* Blood is ſoon mov'd, and then hur ſtamp and ſtare, and ſcrat hur Pole, and vent hur Fury in Ud-ſplutter-a-nails, and will fight for hur Life in Battle at fifty-cuffs. They are polite in nothing but Faction and Sedition, for there are high and low Church Parties among them too, which occaſions much Contention and Quarrels.

The Muſick a *Welchman* plays upon, is a Tool ſtiled an Harp, with which, when Suſtenance fails him, he ſtrikes up for a Morſel, and ſo lives

by Sounds, and (Camelion like) hath Alimony from Air. He ſerenades Victuals in every Village, as the pide-Piper did Rats at *Hamel*, and he allures Luncheons after him, as much as the other did Vermin; Here a Nob of Bacon wags after him, for one Strain; and there a Cruſt follows him, as the Reward of another; one hits him in the Mouth with the Payment of Pottage, another pops him in the Pocket with the Gratuity of a Carrot; all which Variety of Fragments is the moſt ample Income, and wonderful Revenue of his Skill in Muſick. His uſual Admirers are Country Milk-Maids, whom Vibration of String doth move and ſtir into Jigg and Meaſure; and whom Breeze of Inſtrument (like thoſe in Tail) do chafe and tickle into Dance and Caper.

I could not perceive that the *Welch* were guilty of much Learning, which made a Man ſkill'd in Orthography admir'd as a Sophy; and a Writer of his Name, to be term'd a Rabbi. As for the Loves of the *Britons*, the Intrigues of their Amours are not a little remarkable, they being very pretty Animals when diſguis'd with that Paſſion: They are Tinder to ſuch Flames, being quickly ſet on fire, even by the leaſt Spark, which when it hath catch'd the Match of their Souls (for they have Brimſtone in them as well as in their Bodies) they are preſently kindled into Tranſport and Extaſy; and theſe model them into the Shapes of a thouſand Anticks, and make them ſhew more Tricks than old *Preſton*'s Bears. Sometimes they are ſhaking the Globules of their Noddles, and ſometimes dancing ſome Geometry with the Figures of their Feet; now they ſmite with Clapper of Fiſt their troubled Breaſts, and anon ſound out ſome Knels of diſmal Groans; being

variouſly affected as the Weather is in their *Clorinda's* Faces; if Aſpect be clear, then is *Taffy* ſerene; if brow be cloudy, then is *Morgan* Showry. Whilſt I was in this Country, I heard of a *Welchman* that went a wooing with a Gun upon his Shoulder, being reſolv'd (it ſeems) if Love be a Warfare, not to enter unarm'd into the Camp of *Venus*; ſtill as his coy *Daphne* ſhifted from his Preſence, he march'd muſketeering about the Room, and moſt fiercely purſu'd her, till at laſt in the briſk Encounter of a cloſe Embrace, this warlike Inſtrument took an Occaſion ſomewhat unmannerly to go off, and blunderbuſs'd the Miſtreſs on her Breech on one Side of the Houſe, and poor *Taffy* on his Noſe on the other; ſo that being much diſmay'd at this unhappy Accident, one ſcrabled one Way, and the other another, to the utter ſpilling of a Meſs of Love, and total Separation of a Pair of Lovers for ever.

They are pretty devout in their Worſhip, tho' the Exerciſe of Religion is ſomewhat ſcarce, and have a pretty glowing Zeal, tho' their Churches are few, and at a great Diſtance. 'Tis almoſt incredible how far they are fain to trudge for a little Homily; which when they have expected, have been mump'd with a Sermon ten Times worſe. For on ſuch raw-bone Livings, there cannot be expected very plump Parts. The ordinary Revenue of a ſpiritual Preferment may poſſibly be about five Marks *per Annum*; a Bay of Watling for a Dwelling, endow'd with no more Glebe than juſt what it ſtands upon, only perhaps it may be how-ſtall'd with as much Ground as may hold a Sty for the Pig, and a Rooſt for the Pullen. Theſe divine Cottages are uſually ſituated ſome Leagues from the Temple, ſo that the

Holy,

Holy Man with Crab-Tree Truncheon ſets out with the Sun, and ſtretches his Legs with a good handſome Walk, before he arrives at the Pulpit to ſtretch his Lungs, and wears out much of his Soles before he can reach his Stall to mend their Souls. Their Houſes of Prayer are generally thatcht Tabernacles, which are wainſcoted towards the Eaſt with little Deſks, like Pounds, where *Levite* impriſon'd for about half an Hour, fodders the poor *Taffies* with ſome *melancholy* Tear-fetching Story about a grim Fellow call'd Death, who ambles Folks on his Back into another World; a Thing which he heard from the oracular Gums of his edentulous old Granum, as ſhe ſate on the Settle in the Chimney-Corner. Some of the moſt reverend Rectors are dignify'd with a Stipend of ſix Pounds a Year, beſides the Perquiſities of a Drum and Fiddle; which well manag'd on a Holiday, make up a very pretty Thing. Others have an Augmentation of a Bull or a Bear, which being ſolemnly baited about twice in a Quarter, do pick pretty comfortable Tyth from the Spectators Pockets, and makes the poor Parſon's Purſe to ſmile and mantle.

As far as I could perceive, the *Welch* People love Holiday Fingers, and care not much for encumbring them with that Inconvenience call'd Work. They can (Shepherd like) loll upon a Crook pretty handſomely in the Field, and can diſcharge a Superintendency over the Goats. They are moſt accompliſh'd Drovers, to which laudable Function they are ſo naturally prone, that they are apt to drive ſometimes more than their own. They are much addicted to the Sin of Naſtineſs, wallowing in Filthineſs like ſo many Swine; ſo that the whole Nation ſeems but a general Sty.

Sty. The meaner Sort of Women are generally ſuch draggle Tails, that the Cattle in their Boſoms are quag-mir'd in the Filth of their wellgleb'd Attire; ſo that the friſking Fleas are ſo far from *Levalto*'s, that I was verily perſuaded they can ſcarce pull out *Proboſcis*, and their Feet from the Bogs. The Tenements they live in are ſuitable to the Gueſts that poſſeſs them; for as theſe ſeem to be Dirt moulded into Men, ſo thoſe are the ſame Matter kneaded into Houſes; they are uſually very humble Cottages, and low in Stature, ſo that a Man may ride upon the Ridge, and yet have his Legs hang in the Diet. I was not ſo vain as to expect very ſplendid Furniture in ſuch contemptible Huts; but I ſoon perceiv'd what Utenſils were moſt neceſſary, a Diſh-Clout and a Beſom, and ſuch cleanſing Implements are very proper to correct the Filthineſs of their Manſions. I found no Apartments in theſe their Habitations, every Edifice being a *Noah*'s Ark, where a promiſcuous Family, a miſcellaneous Heap of all Kind of Creatures did converſe together in one Room; the Pigs and the Pullen, and other Brutes either truckling under, or lying at the Bed's-Feet of the little more refin'd, yet their Brother Animals.

But that which I admir'd moſt of all amongſt them, was the Virginity of their Language, not deflowerd by the Mixture of any other Dialect. The Purity of the *Latin* was debauch'd by the *Vandals*, and hunn'd into Corruption by that barbarous People; but the Sincerity of the *Britiſh* Tongue remains inviolable. 'Tis a Tongue (it ſeems) not made for every Mouth, as appears by an *Engliſh* Gentleman one Day in my Company, who having got a *Welſh* Polyſyllable into his Throat,

Throat, was almoſt choak'd with Conſonants, had I not, by clapping him on the Back, made him diſgorge a Guttural or two, and ſo ſav'd him. Whether the *Welſh* Tongue be a Splinter of that univerſal one that was ſhatter'd at *Babel*, I have ſome Reaſon to doubt, in Regard 'tis unlike the Dialects that were crumbled there. However, 'tis now caſhir'd out of Gentlemen's Houſes, there being ſcarcely to be heard even one ſingle *Welſh* Tone in many Families; for their Children are inſtructed in the *Anglican* Idiom, and their Schools are pædagogu'd with Profeſſors of the ſame; ſo that (if the Stars prove lucky) there may be ſome glimmering Hopes that the *Britiſh* Tongue may be quite extinct, and may be *Engliſh'd* out of *Wales*, as *Latin* was barbarouſly *Goth'd* out of *Italy*.

But in fine, being quite out of Conceit with the ſhort Commons I met with in this Mountainous Country, which was much inferiour to the delicious Dainties of Water-Gruel, Bread and Butter, and Small Beer, allow'd to the poor Lunaticks of *Bedlam*, after they come to pig in Straw, and have their Heads ſhav'd as an Introduction to Phlebotomy, three or four Times a Week, I e'en bade adieu to the miſerable *Taffies*, and made the beſt of my Way to *England* again, to recover that Fleſh in a plentiful Nation, which I had loſt in a Land of meer Poverty and Famine.

THE

THE Comical *Pilgrim*'s Pilgrimage INTO SCOTLAND.

BEING return'd out of *Wales* into *England* again, I was no sooner got into *London*, but thro' an avaricious Temper, I soon began to haunt most of the Gaming-Houses in Town, which Day and Night were as well cram'd as the Groom-Porter's Table. In these Schools of inevitable Ruin and Destruction, I lost a great deal of Money, and when too late to recover it, I began seriously to reflect with myself, that let a Man be ever such a good Gamester at Cards or Dice, yet so many Sharpers were always flocking about him, that they would drain his Pockets in spite of all the greatest Favours of Fortune; or else how could these Gaming-Houses clear sometimes 100 Pounds, but never less than 50 or 60 Pounds a Night, besides paying Salaries to the several Officers depending solely on them? For there *Commissioners* are maintain'd by whom the Weeks Accompt is Audited, *viz. Directors*, who Superin-

tend the Room. *Operators*, or Dealers at Faro. *Croupees*, to watch the Cards, and gather the Money for the Bank. *Puffs*, who have Money given them to play, in order to decoy others. *Clerks*, who are Checks upon the Puffs, to ſee that they ſink none of that Money. *Squibs*, who are Puffs of a lower Rank, having half their Salery; *Flaſhes*, who ſit by to Swear how often they have ſtript the Bank; *Dunners*, or Waiters; *Attornies*, or Sollicitors; *Captains*, who are to Fight any Men that are Peeviſh, or out of Humour at the loſs of their Money; *Porters*, who at moſt of the Gaming-Houſes are Soldiers; *Uſhers*, who take care that the Porters at the Door ſuffer none to come in but thoſe they know; and *Runners*, to get Intelligence of all the Meetings of the Juſtices of the Peace, and when the Conſtables go upon the Search: Beſides giving half a Guinea to any Link-Boy, Coach-man, Chair-man, Drawer, or other Perſon, who gives Notice of the Conſtables being upon the Search.

Now to break myſelf from this bewitched Gaming, I bid adieu to Hazard, Backgammon, Tick-tack, l'Ombre, Picquet, Cribbidge, and Baſſet, and was reſolv'd to take a Pilgrimage into *Scotland*, where I found the Inhabitants addicted to no ſort of Game but *One and Thirty*, at which they are as dextrous as a Milk-Maid at Dancing on *May-Day*, with one Foot upon the Ground, and t'other never off; for from *Fergus* their firſt King down to *Charles* the Firſt, whom they Sold for a Sacrifice to Stratocracy or Army Power, they had Murder'd no leſs than Thirty One of their Sovereigns, which is juſt the Game at Regicide: Hereupon to call them Traytors is a Favour, for they will hatch Treaſon

ſon as ſoon as they do *Chickens* at *Grand-Cairo*, by the Adoption of an Oven; but now the *Scots* are bound to their good Behaviour, by a Union, they ought to be as Circumſpect in their Loyalty, as the Ambaſſador that Beds a Queen, with the nice Caution of a Sword between them.

It is ſaid that *Scota* the Daughter of *Pharaoh* King of *Egypt*, who was Drown'd in the *Red-Sea*, gave Name to *Scotland*, when ſhe went thither, and betwixt which People and the valiant *Engliſh*, a Quarrel continued longer than ever did any between any other two Nations in the World, for they have moſt obſtinately contended (like *Rome* and *Carthage*) for Empire above 2000 Years; which is the moſt tenacious Suit that ever depended between any two People in the Court of *Mars*. Since the *Norman* Invaſion, there have been 30 pitcht Battles betwixt us and them; of which the *Engliſh* have obtain'd of the *Scots* at leaſt four for one, and thoſe of greateſt Conſequence. The South Part of *Great-Britain* being Champian, hath been ſometimes in its Borders harraſs'd, and laid waſt by the *Scots*, never poſſeſs'd, but their Country, defended by inacceſſible Hills, and by two invincible Enemies, Hunger and Cold, hath been wholly reduc'd by the *Engliſh*, who have Slain four *Scotch* Kings, and took two Priſoners; whereas they have never Slain nor took Priſoner one *Engliſh* King, to whom the Kings of *Scotland* were Homagers for a long Time.

Thoſe *Scots*, who dwell by the Sea, dung their Land with the Weeds which it caſts on the Shore; and all Women throughout the Country in Writing uſe their Maiden Names after Marriage. About the High and Solitary Hills of *Genap* I ſaw good Store of Magpyes and

Goats; but few Hogs, to whoſe Fleſh they bear as utter an Averſion as the *Jews*; and among all their Flocks of Sheep, where you'll ſee one White, there's ten Black, ſo that you may ſoon know a *Scotchman* from a black Sheep. The farther I Travell'd, I obſerv'd Geeſe were not over plentiful; Parſnips very ſcarce; Veniſon not to be had for want of Deer; Boys Knitted, and Men, Women, and Children went bare-legg'd.

As for their Coyn, the moſt remarkable of their Coyning is a *Baubee*, which is the value of our Half-penny, bearing the royal Effigy on one ſide, and on the Reverſe the Thiſtle and Crown, with this Motto, *Nemo me impune laceſſit.* In the Kirk-Yard at *Girvan* are ſeveral Carv'd Grave-ſtones; and at the Kirk-Door in this Town are faſten'd Jogs or Brad-Irons to Chains three or four Feet long; which are put round Perſons Necks, who Swear, get Drunk, or break the Sabbath. Thus by countenancing Religion in allowing their Paſtors to have an Authority over Miſdemeanors, it is that the tumultuary *Scottiſh* Inſtitution has gain'd Ground, and inſinuated itſelf into popular Credit and Eſteem: For on every *Sunday*, when the Office of the Day is over, they have a Kirk-Seſſions, wherein the Miniſter, with a Number of his Congregation Elected to that end, is Authoriz'd to meet and take Cognizance, and to puniſh all Offenders the foregoing Week. So ſome ſuch Authority, and a few more inſulting Priviledges, ſeem to be ſome of thoſe *Deſiderata*'s aim'd at by our pretended Reformers of Manners in *England*, to make up their Temporal Advantages, under a ſpecious ſhow of deſigning to reſtore the more Primitive and *Chriſtian* Diſcipline. But I hope this Age will never experience what

it

It is to come under the Phariſaical Conſtitution of ſuch pious Cheats. Nevertheleſs, ſince Knowledge without Virtue has abus'd the World with too much Impiety, I applaud that one Thing of the reforming Societies in *England*, in putting poor Children out to Trades; for of what Uſe is Learning (any farther than Reading and Writing) to ordinary Vocations? Whatſoever exceeds, is Uſeleſs, and makes them Pragmatical: Moreover, as it is not their Happineſs to obtain Advantages of a more liberal or academical Education, it will much more commend the Goodneſs of their ſmall Breeding, that they have learnt to ſpeak Truth rather than *Latin*, which the Maſters of our Pariſh Schools underſtand not; and that they are more knowing and exact in the Rules of Juſtice (a tranſcendent Quality unknown to ſome of their Benefactors) than the Diſtinction of Languages.

In my Journey not far from the Town of *Ayre*, many Sales are to be taken on the Sea-Coaſts; but on the Land not many Pidgeons, nor great Store of wild Ducks: However, the Country is well ſtockt with other ſort of Foul, as foul Plates, foul Diſhes, foul Trenchers, foul Knives, foul Forks, foul Napkins, and by Heavens foul ever thing elſe, even to their very Women, who you'll ſee ſtanding on a *Saturday* by a lolling Waſh-block, which is a Wooden kind of Anvil, where the She-*Vulcans* are hammering out with Battledore, or elſe with their Feet in a waſhing *Tub*, the Filth of Linnen, whoſe unctious Diſtillations are the *Nile* that water'd the little *Egypt* of their adjacent Gardens. Staring very earneſtly with all the Eyes that I had, as if looking thro' a Perſpective

ſtive Glaſs, I perceiv'd every *Scotchman*'s Face uſually bubbled into Bubbles and Puſtulees, beſides the natural Hout-gouſt of Body that breath'd from Oatmeal, which made him ſend forth an Artificial Smell, which you might wind as far as the extream Unction of 20 *Romiſh* Funerals, only the Scent is not ſo Sweet; beſides the bonny *Scot* ſmells as rankly of the ſingle Stink of Brimſtone, as a Goldfinder, *alias*, Tom-Turd-Man of a Medley; for a ſcurvey Diſeaſe, commonly call'd the Scrubbado, otherwiſe the Itch, makes frequently an Inroad into his Perſon, and invades his Body; ſo that he is force to choak his Enemy by Stink of Sulphur. 'Tis a Creeping Diſtemper, whoſe Progreſs is checkt by Mortification, ſo that when he leaves off his Shirt, that is, when it leaves him, and can hang on no longer, it is excellent Furniture for a Tinder-Box, as virtually containing in it both Match and Tinder.

The common People wear Plads and Bonnets, which is a great Faſhion in this Country, where the Poſtman goes a Foot; and poor Folks eat the Stalks of raw Kale. The Elders of the Kirks on *Saturday* Night duly haunt the Alehouſes, which they call Changes, to turn out People to prepare themſelves for the *Sabbath*; and Women here ride aſtride, without any Danger. The Kirks or Places of Worſhip have all one Bell, rung by an Iron Chain; but put at either End of the Houſe of Prayer, without any Diſtinction of Eaſt or Weſt, ſo that Travellers muſt not look upon their diminutive Steeples for the Guide of a true Courſe to the Compaſs.

At the Univerſity of *Glaſcow*, which like their other poor Univerſities has but one College, I ſaw no other Learning but the inſipid Collegians

gians wearing red hanging-sleev'd Gowns; and the Cathedral here was built by one Mr. *Mongou*, I can't call him Saint, because he was the Son of a Whore begot by a *Danish* Prince on a *Scotch* King's Daughter. Because our main or chief Gallows in *England*, call'd *Tyburn*, hath three Beams, and which is famous for stocking the *Romish* Calendar for roguish Saints, the *Scotch* to exceed us will have four Beams on their hanging Places, made in the manner of a *Turn-Stile*; having on each Beam an Iron Hook, on which the Malefactor is to be expos'd in a pendent Posture betwixt Heaven and Earth, as being unworthy of either. The Men for the most part wear Stockings made of Plad-Stuff; and their Quarters are *Candlemas-Day*, *May-Day*, *Lammas-Day*, and *All-hallow Tide*, which are as welcome to their Landlords as our Quarter-Days are among us.

Bad Cooks are every where in this Nation, because they have seldom any Victuals to dress; and the Childrens Cradles here made of old Wainscot without Heads to them. The *Scots* have several old Ways to distinguish themselves from *Christians*, for their Chimes always ring before the Clock strikes; instead of Candles they burn in most Places the Shavings of Fir dipt in Tallow; their Spoons are generally made of Horn quite circular or round, about 3 Inches Diameter, with the Length of the Handle suitable to its Circumference, which Largeness (I suppose) they take from the old Proverb, *He must have a long Spoon that eats with the Devil*; and those People that can but fill their Bellies with thin Bannock, Sourings, or Bruis, which last sort of Food is only raw Oatmeal put into Water when it's warm, and thought by them a great

great deal better than to dine with Duke *Humphrey*. Hemp and Flax for Linnen are the Staple Commodities of this Nation; but the *Scots* bear a mortal Hatred to the former, becauſe by the Production thereof, a great many of 'em come to an untimely End.

When I came into the City of *Edinburgh*, which is the Capital of the Kingdom, I thought I was got into *West-Smithfield*, for ſuch a Place for Naſtineſs was not to be found upon Earth, for as the latter was but fill'd with Beaſts Dung, the other was more naſty than a common Jakes or Inns-of-Court Houſe of Office, for having a Dung-Tub at the Head of every Pair of Stairs in their Houſes, which are 14 or 15 low Stories high, they are emptied a-nights on Peoples Heads without any reſpect of Perſons, ſo that till 8 or 9 o' th' Clock in the Morning, the whole City, which may be a Mile in Length, is ſcented with the excellent Perfume of *Scotch* Civit Cats; and all the Woman here look as ugly as the *Four of Clubs*, which ſome call *Wibling*'s Witch, from one *James Wibling*, who in the Reign of King *James* the Firſt grew rich by private Gaming, and was commonly obſerv'd to have this Card in his Hand, ſo that he never loſt a Game but when he miſt it.

All the *Scots* are generally as great Enemies to Gentility and nice Dreſſing, as *Diogenes* the moroſe *Cynic* was to *Plato*, becauſe of his courtly Compliance with the World; and to be honeſt would be as great a Mortification to them as *Lent* to a poor Player. They'll ſit as lovingly about Oaten Cakes and Butter, as a Parcel of Tarpaulins round a Platter of Burgue; and they love Hunger and Eaſe, as well as a Lawyer does *Term-Time*. Tho' they hate the ſolemn

Feſtival

Feſtival of *Chriſtmas*, and other Holy-days, yet they pay ſome Veneration to St. *Andrew*; and will be as Drunk on the 30*th* of *November*, as any Shoemaker once a Year to the Remembrance of *Criſpin*. They hold Fairs in many Places, at which is much Mobbing, Whoring and Drunkenneſs as at our *Shirking-Fair* by *Tyburn*: And Mrs. *Cicilia*, they ſay, is no Saint, but a common Strumpet bred up at a Three-penny Hop in *London*. I never ſaw the Sign of the *Brats-Tumbler* any where, which makes me believe every *Scotch* Woman brings her Urchins into the World, without the Aſſiſtance of Madam *Grope*, to ſave Charges; on a *Sunday* Morning the *Scots* will run 4 or 5 Miles to a Conventicle; and in the Afternoon to the Mountains to louſe themſelves.

It is ſuppos'd by ſome, that *Scotland* is the Land of *Nod*, to which *Cain* was exil'd a Vagabond for the Murther of his Brother *Abel*; and truly in my Opinion the Suppoſition may be very probable, for *Cain*'s being an Inhabitant there, the Ground hath been curſt ever ſince, for it is a moſt barren Place to this very Day. Had grazing *Nebuchadnezzar* been here, he would have found but bad Paſture; and *Judas* as much plagu'd for a Tree to hang himſelf on. Bag-Pipes they eſteem before Organs; there's as much Hypocriſy in their Pantile-Houſes as Irreligion in a *Jews* Synagogue; and the Dog-Days are not ſo warm here as in more Southerly Climates, but their Bitches Nights every where are too hot with a Vengeance. Here is every Day an Autumn among the Women; for, for a Noggin of Brandy they will fall as thick on their Backs as the Leaves in St. *James*'s Park do in *September*; and Law and E-

quity are as great Strangers to the *Scots*, as Honeſty to the Juſtice of Peace that's lately run from *Clare-Court* to the *Mint*, and who (when in Commiſſion) was fitter to ſit on a Butcher's Block, as his Father did before him, than in a Magiſtrate's Chair.

The Caſtle at *Edinburgh* is reckon'd as impregnable as a *Scotchman*'s ſear'd Conſcience; and their Capital contains but one Broad Street, by which is an Univerſity containing one College of Scholars poor both in Purſe and Head. Here are no Carts, but ſliding Cars; and the higheſt Number I ever ſaw on their Hackney Coaches exceeded not 29. The *Scots* reckon their Children ſpurious if they have not the Itch; and there's as much Whoring every Day, as at *Bartholomew* or *Southwark* Fair. They Bury the Dead at Noon, to ſave the Charge of Torches; and as here are no Linkmen, only Boys and Girls light Paſſengers with Candles in Paper Lanthorns all about Town for a Baubee. Moſt of the People are generally of the Religion with them who marry without a Ring, Chriſten without the Croſs, and Die without Baptiſm. Their Paſtors, who are of the true Stamp of *Geneva*, endeavour by long extemporary Prayers and tedious Graces, to ſave the poor Souls of thoſe Mountaineers; but yet their Hypocriſie Damns more than ever *Sampſon* Slew, and with the ſame Weapon too, *the Jaw Bone of an Aſs*. The *Presbyterian* Government is uppermoſt here; which Religion being a good quiet Subject, I could not forbear ſetting forth the Piety of a *Scotch Presbyterian*, in the following Lines.

CHRISTIANS

CHRISTIANS, *behold a moſt pernicious ſight,*
Which worſe than Hell wou'd dying Martyrs fright!
Such Monſters Africk *never did produce;*
Nor Lucifer, *when all his Imps broke looſe,*
To win, by force of Arms, celeſtial Sway,
But, unſucceſsful, loſt the fatal Day:
And if its Name by any ſhou'd be ask'd,
It is a Presbyterian *unmask'd.*
His Eyes at Vice look ſad, and full of Woe,
Yet Heart and Tongue together never go;
His Words in Conventicles virtuous be,
But nauſeous, when at Home, to Modeſty.
To ſeem Devout, he hates all common Whores,
But thoſe which Ply in Private much Adores.
He trembles when a firſt Rate Oath he hears;
But Perjury his Int'reſt ſeldom fears.
In ſolemn Leagues and Covenants he takes
Delight; but greater in the Vows he breaks:
And as informing is his darling Trade,
He is a godly Man in Maſquerade.
In fine, he's Born, he Lives, and Dies in Sin;
A Saint without, and Devil all within:
Nay, as his Sanctity's a pious Fraud,
Which none but Knaves and Villains can applaud,
He is all Hypocrite, and what is worſe!
The Scorn of Men, and God's eternal Curſe.

A *Scotchman*'s Tongue runs high Fullams, there is a Cheat in his Idiom; for the Senſe ebbs from the bold Expreſſion, like the Citizen's Gallon in *London*, which the Drawer interprets but half a Pint. As they never ſpeak as they think, their falſe Tongues may be compar'd to the Cards at *Primiviſte*, in which Game 6 is 18, and 7 is 21. The poorer ſort have a piece of Linnen peeping out at their Collars for ſhow of a Shirt; but with long wearing it is ſo black and ragged,

that it is going to the Paper-Mill as faſt as it can. When the Beaſts enter'd into the Ark by *Pairs*, I wonder how *Noah* coupl'd the *Scots*, for they are ſtrange Creatures both by Sea and Land; and an Aſs is ſcarce to be had in this Nation either for Love or Money, becauſe they put 'em all into Commiſſions of the Peace. They retain one barbarous Cuſtom ſtill, and that is, if any two be diſpleas'd they expect no Law, but bang it out, one and his kindred againſt the other and his; being ſo implacable in their hatred, that on each ſide they uſe a Scale of Deſtruction, by ſtriving to ruin the Father, beggar the Son, and ſtrangle the Hopes of all Poſterity: And this Fighting they call their *Feider*, a Word ſo barbarous, that was it to be expreſs'd in *Latin*, it muſt be by Circumlocution.

Their ill Manners make them look more ſalvage than the Monſters put by *Aſtrologers* to the Humane Limbs in *Anatomy*; wherefore it is ſtrange that *Phyſicians* do not apply a *Scotchman* to the Soles of the Feet in a deſperate Fever, for he would draw far beyond Pidgeons; and it is thought ſome of our *Engliſh* Quacks, Empericks or Mountebanks will ſlice one to try the Experiment. The *Scots* were ever as great Friends to the King of *France*, as *Don Quixot* was to *Sancho Pancho*, who fought at all Adventures to purchaſe the other the Government of an Iſland which was none of his; and they think themſelves as brave Fellows as the *Spaniſh* Knight Errant, when he fought a Windmill, to the great Danger of breaking the Necks of him and his Horſe *Roſinante*, when it flung 'em both into a Pond. Their Godlineſs is of the ſame Parentage with good Laws, both extracted out of bad Manners; and their Teachers live upon

on the Sins of their Congregations, which verifies the Axiom, *Iſdem nutritur ex quibus componitur.* They dread to be civiliz'd; and they have a great Antipathy againſt Church Windows which are painted, when a Looking Glaſs would ſhew them more Superſtition: In fine, a *Scotchman* is ſuch a Hater of Images, that he hath defac'd God's in his own Countenance.

THE

THE

Comical *Pilgrim*'s Pilgrimage

INTO

IRELAND.

HAVING ſeen too much Villany in *Scotland* to pay the leaſt Adoration to the Country, I return'd to *London* again, and after a ſhort Stay there went for *Highlake* in *Cheſhire*, where going on Board the *Seaforth* Gally, Sail was preſently hoiſted, and in a few Hours bidding Adieu to the Sight of Old *England* and *Wales*, we came to Anchor in the Bay of *Dublin* very early on a *Whitſun-Monday* in the Morning. Here I went aſhore at *Dunlary*, and being got ſafe in that Part of *Terræ firmæ*, which, I think, is ſituated *in podice Mundi*, I went Five Miles farther to *DUBLIN*, the Metropolis of *Ireland*, ſtanding on the *Liffie* River, as well as the Sea. This Country is ſeperated from *England* by a very dangerous Sea, in which meeting with a moſt dreadful Hurricane, as ſoon as the tempeſtuous Weather was over, my *Muſe* incited me to delienate the Seamens Devotion in bad Weather, in the following Meditation. *When*

When Nature ſhews the Seaman various Forms
Of Death, in Tempeſts, Hurricanes, and Storms,
The Ship in Danger, Maſter, or the Mate,
Cries, Reef the Sails before it is too late;
We cannot bear 'em in this Streſs of Weather,
Up nimbly, Boys, G— d—— you, all together.
A Sailor from the Fore-Maſt-Top bauls out,
By G—— there'll be no Calm to Day, I doubt;
Then anſwers one, who's on the Main-Yard Arm,
Z——ds, Lads, as yet we have receiv'd no Harm.
But next another cries, G— d— my Soul,
How curſedly the rotten Bitch do's rowl!
Whilſt here do's ſplit a Maſt, there rent a Sail,
Another ſwears, by Heav'n the Ship do's fail:
Some cry, G— rot us, we ſhall all be drown'd,
The very Storm do's rage the Compaſs round,
For ſteer which Way we will, the Wind do's blow
Contrary to the Courſe we ſtrive to go.
But hark! below Deck next a Man do's ſpeak,
And briskly ſwears, the Veſſel ſprings a-leak;
Then how the Seamen helter-skelter jump,
To ſave the Ship and Cargo by the Pump;
Which uſeleſs grown, the Maſter ſays, I think
The Veſſel founders, we begin to ſink.
D—n ye, hoiſt out the Long-Boat, Wind deſies
Our Art, the Gunhil under Water lies;
Come, leave the Whip-Staff; Lads, make haſt, G--'s B--
Your Luffs nor Ports can do us now no Good.
Mean while the Chaplain, who ſhou'd for 'em pray,
Inſtead of praying, ſwears as faſt as they:
And juſt on drowning, in one hideous Yell,
They curſe their Fate, and ſwim with ſpeed to Hell.

But being got upon firm Land again, as I ſaid before, I was very glad of viſiting the *Iriſh* Natives, tho' they are not yet wholly brought to

to a civil Courſe of Life, thro' the Fathers inflicting an heavy Curſe on all their Poſterity, if ever they ſhould ſow Corn, build Houſes, or learn the *Engliſh* Tongue: And the Reaſon of this inveterate Antipathy is, becauſe heretofore there being but one Freeholder in a whole County, which was the Lord himſelf, the reſt held in Villanage; and being ſubject to the Lord's immeaſurable Taxations, they had no Encouragement to build, ſow, or plant. *Ireland* is divided into 4 Provinces; namely, *Munſter*; *Leinſter*, where *Stonehenge* once ſtood, but by *Magick* Art *Merlin* remov'd thoſe ponderous Stones out of this Territory into *Wiltſhire*; *Connaught*, where are ſome Vines, but rather ſerving for Shade than Profit, for in theſe Parts the Sun entring into *Virgo*, cauſeth cold Gales to blow, and in Autumn the Afternoon's Heat is ſo faint and ſhort, that it cannot ripen the Cluſters; and *Ulſter*, whoſe antient Cuſtom in making their King was by taking a white Cow, which his *Iriſh* Majeſty muſt kill, and ſeeth the ſame in Water whole, then muſt he bath himſelf therein ſtark naked; and ſitting in the Caldron wherein it is ſod, accompanied with the People round about him, he and they eat the Fleſh, and drink the Broth (much Good may't do 'em) without Cup, Diſh or Spoon. No ſooner was I arriv'd at *Dublin*, but being in Company with ſome Collegians of *Trinity-College* there, which is all the Colleges their Univerſity contains, they to ſhew their extraordinary Parts to me a Stranger in a poetick Way, made Verſes *ex tempore*, and I to Oblige them writ off of Hand the following Lines.

When

When pious Iſrael, *by* Jehovah *bleſt,*
Had been four hundred Years and more oppreſt,
By haughty Pharaoh's *arbitrary Sway,*
Which Doom'd the Hebrew *Vaſſals to Obey,*
It pleas'd the Pow'r of an Almighty Hand
To Scourge a ſtubborn King, and ſinful Land,
With ten Afflictions, grievous to a Realm,
Where Pride and Superſtition ſat at Helm.
Yet Wrath Divine was not ſo much Diſplay'd,
To make a wiſe Creator be Obey'd,
But that indulging Heaven kept in ſtore,
For Ireland, *a dozen Plagues and more.*
Nits make their Youths, before they're Old, look Grey,
And rampant Lice upon their Bodies Prey;
Their Summer Viſiters are Swarms of Fleas,
Which Sting the Females that they can't have Eaſe.
Poverty Nips 'em, Ign'rance is their Guide,
And Sloth in Triumph thro' their Cabbins ride.
Miſery for lazy Lives they Celebrate;
And Loyalty (which proves their Ruin) hate.
Their chiefeſt Talent much in Nonſenſe lies;
And honeſt Principles they all Diſpiſe.
Devotion is a Stranger to their Thoughts,
And ſmall Temptations make their Women Morts.
But that which adds to their intailed Curſe,
Is ſtore of Children, but an empty Purſe.
Thus, if theſe are not Plagues enough, may Pox,
And all the Ails which cram'd Pandora's *Box,*
Always ſeverely Torture them; and be
The Portion of their wild Poſterity.

This Satyr being Truth and Matter of Fact, how well it pleas'd the *Iriſh* Collegians may be eaſily gueſs'd, however taking leave of my learned Company, I went out to look about me in the City, where I ſtar'd and gap'd around, like our Country Hicks upon the Signs in *Lon-*

don, the Monument, or Tombs in *Weſtminſter-Abby*. *Kingſend* Coaches, ſo call'd from a Place of that Name about a Mile or two out of the *Dublinian* Suburbs, I ſaw were more numerous than Hackney or Gentlemen's Coaches; and which being a ſort of Carts made with a Seat before, wherein People may be jolted 3 or 4 Miles for 2 Pence, your topping City Cuckolds and their Wives very often ride out of Town in 'em, to make a Demolition of Cakes and Ale. Being mounted next upon *Louſie-Hill*, and asking whence the Place deriv'd its Name, ſome knowing People inform'd me, that an old Woman once dwelling there, to whom honeſt St. *Patrick*, a Swineherd, and tutelary Patron of that Kingdom promis'd to clear that Nation of Lice, ſhe fell a weeping, and humbly beſought the good old Man not to deſtroy them, becauſe the Inhabitants had no other Diverſion on *Sundays*, than to ſit at home and louſe themſelves; whereupon her Requeſt being granted, the *Iriſh* enjoy the Company of their native Cattle to this Day, in Memory of which peculiar Favour this Street ever ſince bears the Name of *Louſie-Hill*. At laſt I rambled into *Smock-Alley*, where the *Iriſh* Theatre is ſituated; Curioſity led me ſoon into it, when *Dryden*'s Opera, call'd King *Arthur*, was to be acted, which is a Play I lik'd well enough, excepting theſe two Lines in Act 1. Scene 1.

On yon proud Towers, before the Day be done,
My glittering Banners ſhall be wav'd againſt the (ſetting Sun.

For tho' the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, in their Compoſitions, made their *Hexameter* or *Heroick* Verſe,

Verſe, compos'd of *Dactyls* and *Spondees*, yet always obſerving to have each Line to end with an *Adonick* likewiſe, it runs ſmoother than what our Language will with 15 or more Syllables, for we cannot exceed 10 Feet, or 12 at the moſt, without offending a delicate Ear.

Farther, let me obſerve, that the *Iriſh* Stage is now as much cumber'd as the *Engliſh* Stage, with Inventions not uſed in former Ages; I mean with *Opera*'s and *Farce*; the firſt ſtupifying the Audience in ſuch a quivering Manner in their Songs, that the Words and Senſe too are both loſt in the Tune: And the other is a Repreſentation of Things not natural, and is but one, or 3 Acts at moſt; contrary to the Rule of dramatick Poetry, which, *Horace* ſays in his Book *de Arte Poetica*, muſt have no more or leſs than 5 Acts. As for *Comedy*, it is as much, nay more corrupted in *Ireland*, than in *England*, *France* or *Italy*, in too much admitting the *Mimick* in the *Drama*: And let me tell you (tho' a Pilgrim) that ſince I am enter'd upon this Diſcourſe, I muſt take Notice, that tho' *Comedy* is an Imitation of inferior People in Ridicule, yet ought not the Ridicule to be extravagant, but gracefully and ſlightly touch'd, as by *Terence* in his Pieces. Again, altho *Comedy* repreſents low Perſons, yet are they not the meaneſt, ſince it brings eminent Citizens and Magiſtrates on the Stage; nay, *Plautus* in his *Amphytrio* introduces Gods and Kings, but nevertheleſs it is a true *Comedy*, becauſe he hath turn'd the Subject of *Tragedy* into Ridicule; and it looks beautiful enough, if the Actors have a Regard to their Pronunciation and Geſture, according to *Quintilian*'s Rule, in the 11th Chapter of his Firſt Book, which is this:

Debet etiam docere comœdus quomodo narrandum, &c. That is, a *Comedian* ought to teach how we ſhould ſpeak, with what Authority we ſhould perſuade, with what Emotion Anger ſhould be rais'd, and with what Change of Voice we may excite Pity: I can't blame thoſe who ſpend ſome Time with the Maſters of the paleſtrick Art; that is, thoſe who form the Geſtures and Motions, teach how to hold the Arms, and the Hands, that we ſeem not to be ruſtick, or ignorant, to have no unſeemly Carriage, no unbecoming Poſture of the Feet, and that the Head and Eyes don't differ from the other Motions of the Body. But theſe Rules are no where ſtrictly obſerv'd by Players: Moreover, as the Deſign of *Comedy* is to rectify the Manners of Men and Women, nothing ought to be repreſented which may vitiate the Audience, for the People being generally the ſame, they obſtinately retain the moſt licentious and obſcene Things; eſpecially when they are impiouſly joyn'd to Religion. Indeed *Ben Johnſon* is often guilty of this Fault in his *Volpone*, eſpecially where he brings in Sir *Politick Would be* talking thus prophanely to *Peregrine*.

And then, for your Religion, profeſs none;
But wonder at the Diverſity of all. Act 4. Sc. 1.

Alſo *Ben Johnſon* in his *Alchymiſt* ſo much diſhonours his Maker, as to ſuffer the moſt tremendous Name of God to be made ſo vile and cheap, as to be us'd often as an expletive Particle to prevent a Chaſme, or make up a Gap in a Sentence, that it may run more ſmoothly; as appears by ſome of his Perſons thus ſpeaking.

God's

God's Will then, Queen of Fairies,
On with your Tire; and, Doctor, with your Robes.
Let's diſpatch him for God's ſake. Act 3. Sc. 3.

Fore God,
She is a deliicate Dab chick! I muſt have her.
Act 4. Scen. 2.

As for *Tragedies*, thoſe are the moſt perfect ones in which there are *Peripeties*, that is, Revolutions, Changes of Fortune, and Remembrances, as in the *Oedipus* of *Sophocles*, the firſt *Tragedy* of all Antiquity, where in the 3d Scene of the 4th Act, the *Peripetie*, or Change of one Fortune into another, is contrary to what was expected, in the Man that comes from *Corinth* to acquaint *Oedipus* of the Death of King *Polybius*. I ſhall not take Notice of the Duration of the Repreſentation of a *Play*, which ought not to exceed the Space of a natural Day; but obſerve, that the Sect of the *Peripateticks* believing neither *Providence* nor *fatal Neceſſity*, but imputes all Accidents to Chance, the antient tragick *Poets* choſe rather to follow the Opinion of the *Stoicks*, who acknowledge a *Providence* and fatal Neceſſity; as very well perceiving, that that was the the only Means to preſerve the *Theatre*, thoſe wonderful Surprizes, which are produc'd by Accidents that ſeem fortuitous, and yet nevertheleſs have Cauſes aſſign'd to them, which are certain. Again, it is to be noted, that the *Prologue* ſhould be plac'd before the Play; but *Plautus* hath took the Liberty of the *Greeks*, in placing the Prologue in the Play, as particularly in the firſt Act of his *Miles glorioſus*, and after the firſt Act in *Ciſtellaria*

laria; however, as I hint above, this Cuſtom ought not to be follow'd by any prudent and regular Poet; and therefore *Terence* hath took Care not to be guilty of ſo great a Fault. The *Cataſtrophe* of a Play muſt be happy or fatal; but *Euripides* has made his Pieces to have a miſerable one, wherefore he appears to be the moſt tragical of all the *Poets*. Now the Uſe of Machines, which makes the Gods and Goddeſſes appear upon the Stage, is founded on the generally received Opinion of the *Ethnicks*, who ſuppoſe the Gods can ſee all things, and take Care of Men; for if there were none but *Epicureans* in the World, the Machines would be ridiculous, or not ſuffer'd, becauſe they would directly thwart their Opinion, in affirming the Gods lead a quiet Life, free from all Sorts of Care, and if *Nature* ſometimes doth thoſe Things which ſeem miraculous, the Gods take no Notice of it, and don't interrupt their Pleaſure. By the Way alſo I muſt note, that the Imitation of Lightning and Thunder may be put into the Number of the Machines, and alſo that furious Storm, which makes the unravelling of the ſecond *Oedipus* in *Sophocles*; for altho' *Jupiter* doth not appear, yet 'tis he who ſends that Tempeſt, during which *Oedipus* is buried: And from hence I infer, that Machines may be employ'd, not only out of, but alſo in the Action of Tragedy, provided there be an abſolute Neceſſity for them.

But many of our modern *Dramatiſts* have not exactly obſerv'd the aforeſaid Diſcourſe, or kept themſelves ſtrictly to the Unity of Action, Time, and Place. For *Shakeſpear* in his Tragedy of *Othello*, the *Moor* of *Venice*, makes the Duration of what he repreſents to be above 3 Weeks

Weeks or a Month; I think the Repreſentation of his Play begins in *Italy*, whence his black General went to *Cyprus*, an iſland on the Coaſt of *Syria*, and to which he could not well arrive under a Fortnight, according as the Storm he met with held longer or ſhorter. The Abſurdities and Blunders of this illiterate *Poetaſter* being ſo many, that whatever he writ was not worth acting in *Bartholomew* Fair, I ſhall only take Notice of the little Knowledge he had in *Aſtronomy*, when in Act I. Scen. 2. he ſays,

For do but ſtand upon the foaming Shore,
The chiding Billows ſeem to pelt the Clouds,
The Wind ſhake Surge, with high and monſt'rous
(Main,
Seems to caſt Water on the burning Bear,
And quench the Guards of the ever-fired Pole.

In theſe Lines I reckon he hath given a falſe *Epithet* to the *Bear*, which ought to have been *leſſer* inſtead of *burning*, by talking of the *Guards* preſently after, which are the two foremoſt Stars in *Urſa minor*, whereof that which is in the Shoulder of this Conſtellation, hath Longitude 128 Degrees, 23 Minutes, and North Latitude 72 Degrees, 40 Minutes, inſomuch that being neareſt of all the Northern Conſtellations to the North Pole, I wonder how there can be any extraordinary Heat within the frigid Zone. Alſo in the ſame Play he ſuppoſes the Soul to be the Production of ſome mortal Subſtance, according to theſe Words of *Emilia*, Act 5. Scen. 1.

If he ſay ſo, may his pernicious Soul
Rot half a Grain a-day

But

But *Shakeſpear* being no Scholar, I ſuppoſe he had ſo little Skill in *Rhetorick*, that by a *Synecdoche* he did not put a *Whole* for a Part, as *Virgil* do's *Anima* for *Homo*, in deſcribing the Funeral of *Polydorus*, in *Æneid. lib.* 3. The Faults of this ſame *Poetaſter* are not a few alſo in his *Tragedy*, call'd *Hamlet*, Prince of *Denmark*; in which he is mighty drolling, particularly where he tells an old Woman's Story of the Cocks crowing always at *Chriſtmas*, in Act 1. Scen. 1.

It faded at the Crowing of the Cock.
Some ſay, that ever 'gainſt that Seaſon comes,
Wherein our Saviour's Birth is Celebrated,
This Bird of dawning ſingeth all Night long,
And then, they ſay, no Spirit dares ſtir abroad,
The Nights are wholſome; then no Plannets ſtrike,
No Fairy takes, no Witch hath Power to Charm,
So hallow'd and ſo gracious is that Time.

Truly Mr. *Lee* was in my Opinion, the moſt exact of all our modern *Dramatiſts* in his Plays; but yet he is not without his Irregularities and Foibles, eſpecially in religious Matters, of which we ſhall only take notice of this in his *Tragedy* call *Theodoſius*, or the Force of Love, where, in Act 3. Scen. 1. he repreſents the Emperor *Theodoſius* a hopeful Convert, when at the ſight of *Athenais* he makes one of the Articles of the Chriſtian Faith a *Simile* for his Cod-piece Paſſion in theſe Words,

What hinders now but in ſpite of Rules
I burſt thro' all the Bands of Death that hold me,
And fly with ſuch a haſte to that Appearance,
As bury'd Saints ſhall make at the laſt Summons.

In

In Mr. *Lee*'s Tragedy call'd the Rival Queens, or the Death of *Alexander* the Great, in Act 1. Scen. I. he makes *Polyperchon* give a Deſcription of Hell after the *Chriſtian* Manner; for tho' it was the *Theology* of the *Grecians* to believe a future State, yet it does not occur to my Memory that I ever read they allotted any Puniſhment to the Wicked by Fire, as he intimates in theſe Lines.

Tho' the Earth yawn ſo wide,
That all the Labours of the Deep were ſeen,
And Alexander *ſtood on the other Side,*
I'd leap the burning Ditch to give him Death,
Or ſink my ſelf for ever.

And in Act 4. Scen. I. he introduces *Caſſander* ſpeaking ſo prophanely, that it muſt rather vitiate the Audience than make them virtuous.

'Tis nobler far to be a King of Hell,
To Head infernal Legions, Chiefs below,
To let 'em looſe for Earth, to call 'em in,
And take Account of what dark Deeds are done,
Than be a Subject God in Heav'n unbleſt,
And without Miſchief have eternal Reſt.

As for Mr. *Shadwell*, he hath mixt his Tragedy call'd the *Libertine* with ſo much Comedy, that the Play is rather tragi-comical than tragical; tho' there is Blood enough ſpilt in it which might, with good Husbandry, ſerve very well for two or three Tragedies: But to make Don *John* the Libertine talk of a Soul, in Act I. when an Atheiſt believes no ſuch Thing exiſting in a Man, it is very abſurd, as you may ſee in the

following Lines, which plainly deſcribe the Perſon's Character.

Let's on, and live the nobler Life of Senſe;
To all the Powers of Love and mighty Luſt,
In ſpite of formal Fops I will be juſt.
What Ways ſoe'er conduce to my Delight,
My Senſe inſtructs me, I muſt think 'em right.
On, on my Soul, and make no Stop in Pleaſure,
They're dull inſipid Fools, who live by Meaſure.

Was I to criticiſe on all the Errors occurring in the *Greek*, *Latin* and *Engliſh* Dramatiſts, I ſhould ſwell my Criticiſms to a Bulk exceeding theſe ſwelling Expreſſions of *Seneca*, in the firſt Act of his *Hercules Oetæus*, whom he makes to ſpeak in theſe bragging, bouncing, and ranting Strains.

Vel ſi times ne terra concipiat feras,
Properet malum quodcunque dum terra Herculem
Habet, videtque.
Da, da tuendos Jupiter ſaltem deos:
Illa licebit fulmina parte auferas,
Ego quam tuebor: ſive glacialem polum,
Seu me tueri fervidam partem jubes,
Hac eſſe ſuperos parte ſecuros puta.

By theſe Lines we plainly ſee how miſerable *Jupiter* muſt be, who cannot be ſafe from wild Beaſts without an *Hercules*; and then again how little and weak the *Poet* makes the Gods, in repreſenting them to ſtand in Need of Human Help: But the tragick *Poets* do very often err in this Manner, by extolling Things above Nature. Moreover, altho' ſome Morality may be learnt by the Judicious either from tragick or comick

comick Writers, yet there are none of the dramatick Poets but what have too much Immorality and Prophaneſs in their Writings; and hence it follows that either *Tragedy* or *Comedy*, as being a Repreſentation of Things, muſt be of a more pernicious Conſequence than an *Epick* Poem, which is only a Recitation. A dramatick *Poet* muſt make the Perſon which he brings on the Stage to ſpeak exactly to the Character which he or ſhe repreſents: Thus whether the Perſon that repreſents another, is to act the Part of a Tyrant, Adulterer, Villain, Drunkard, or any other wicked profligate Wretch, as the Humour of ſuch Perſons muſt be repreſented always the ſame, without any Variety, the Repreſentation of ſuch notorious Crimes may be of an ill Conſequence to green Heads; and eſpecially in being Spectators of ſuch Plays, which treat of thoſe Subjects whoſe Stories are taken from, or belonging to Hell. Farthermore there is as much Buffoonry and Drollery acted on the *Iriſh* Stage as on the *Engliſh* Stage, as having *Harlequins* ſhewing *Merry-Andrew*'s Tricks; *Scaramouches* jumping into Barrels; Dame *Ragonda* skipping about with 9 Brats at her Heels; or a brainleſs Fellow, who has more Grimace than Senſe, riding upon an Aſs, which (I'm ſure) is falſe Heraldry to put Metal upon Metal.

But being as ſoon tir'd of *Dublin*, as a *Drury-Lane* Strumpet is of Beetle and Punny in *Bridewell*, I left that lewd Town to viſit the Country; accordingly I went to *Manooth*, a Town in the County of *Kildare*, where I ſaw nothing memorable, but an old Caſtle much ruinated by the famous Uſurper *Oliver Cromwell*, of inglorious Memory. Hence I went to *Kil-*

cock, a Mile beyond which is a Stone-Mill, ſaid to be built by the Devil; and truly by its ſtrange Contrivance, I'm apt to believe it may be the Workmanſhip of ſome infernal Artiſt. Four Miles forward is *Clenard*, on the Skirts of which Town is a Bridge over the River *Boyn*; memorable for the entire Defeat King *William* gave his Royal Competitor for the Diadem of three Kingdoms. Hence I went to *Mullingar*; and from thence to *Balimore*, otherwiſe call'd *Balimore-Lough-Sunderland*, or *Sivedelie*, in the County of *Weſt-Meath*; but how improper the Derivation is in one Reſpect, as well as incredulous in another, I leave to your judicious Senſe to determine; for *Bali* ſignifies a Town in the *Bogtrotters Jargon*, and *More*, great; which *Epithet* is not at all ſuitable to this Place, when there are ſcarce 40 Houſes in it. But then again to name it *Sunderland*, or *Sivedelie*, which ſignifies a Beetle to beat wet Linnen, the Accident I am going to recite, methinks could not impoſe upon the Faith of any but a *Papiſt*, who makes Traditions an eſſential Part of his *Credo*; for as I was inform'd by ſome dwelling here, there goes a Story of a Maid, living in former Ages, when a Grove grew where this Lough now is, on the North Side of the Town, with a ſmall Brook running thro' it; and one Day waſhing in this ſolitary Place, and accidentally dropping her Beetle into the Water, the Trees in the Grove inſtantly vaniſhed, and the Ground became a large Lough: Thus by giving too much Credulity to a Lie, this Town begot a Name as long as a *Spaniſh* Nobleman's. In the Church-Yard here I took Notice of a Graveſtone, on which was this inſignificant Inſcription: *Pray for the Soul of Major* John Duneel,

who

who departed the 6th of November, 1694; *as alſo for his Wife* Elizabeth Jones; *and his Sons* Henry, William *and* Richard, *who cauſed this Tomb to be made*, Anno Domini 1696. And under it carv'd *J. H. S.* the Initial Letters of, *Ieſus Hominum Salvator*. Not far from this is another Grave ſtone over a Miller, with all the chief Tools of his thieving Occupation carv'd thereon: And this Mode I ſaw was pretty cuſtomary among Tradeſmen in many Church-Yards in this Kingdom.

Next I went to *Athlone*, a Town not only ſituated in the two Provinces of *Leinſter* and *Connought*, but alſo in the two Counties of *Weſt-Meath* and *Roſcommon*. The *Shannon*, the largeſt River in *Ireland*, running from North to South, divides it into two Parts; over which is a Stone Bridge, containing ſeven Arches, built by old Queen *Beſs*; and on it is cut out a Man and Dog with this Inſcription. Robarts Damport *Was Overſeer of this Workys*. Indeed, the Matter is not ſo material as to be worthy of communicating it to the Publick, but only to let my Readers ſee their antient way of Spelling, which is not much different from the modern *Orthography* now in uſe among 'em; and to delineate the Arrogancy of this petty Officer, who, becauſe *Alexander* the Great reſpected his Horſe *Bucephalus*, attempted to immortalize his *Iriſh* Cur too. Hence I went to *Balidagon*, a little Village ſix Miles from *Athlone*; but whence this Place takes its Name I cant imagine, unleſs a Remnant of the curſed *Philiſtines* made their Eſcape from the Slaughtering *Iſraelites*, by Swimming over the Sea; and ſettling in this bye Country, they dedicated theſe Receptacles of Poverty to their Monſtrous God, *Dagon*.

Pro-

Proceeding onwards on my Pilgrimage, I went to *Balinaſloe*, the People of which ſmall Town are ſo Zealous, that rather than want a Houſe of Devotion, they aſſemble in a little Cabbin, where a Bank is raiſed for the Bog-trotting Congregation to ſit on; and ſuch an awkard Pulpit, Desk, and Communion-Table is beſtow'd on the poor *Levite*, that it would puzzle Ingenuity to fathom the Depth of humane Fancy for their true Deſcription: However, taking ſome Pity and Compaſſion on theſe godly Wretches, before I left 'em I compil'd for them the following Stanza's, call'd

The *Iriſh* LITANY.

FRom a Country full of Rebellion and Treaſon;
From a People not Honeſt, and void of all Reaſon;
From running of Goods, which is ne'er out of Seaſon;
Libera nos, Domine.

From dry'd up Potatoes, without any Butter;
From unwholeſome Water, which gives the wild Squtter;
From Prieſts, who in Latin *to Blockheads do mutter;*
Libera nos, Domine.

From Women whoſe Features wou'd frighten the Devil;
From Children whoſe Skin's like an Orange of Sevil;
And are bred from the Womb to all manner of Evil;
Libera nos, Domine.

From thick Bonny clabber, a Med'cine for Witches;
From Uſquebaugh, *loved by all drunken Bitches;*
From Vermin, which makes 'em ſcratch where it Itches;
Libera nos, Domine.

From getting of Children, but nothing to keep 'em,
From Corn-Fields, where idle Lubbers won't reap 'em;
From Fleas, where People by Buſhels may weep 'em;
Libera nos, Domine.

From

From wretchedly living in our poor Condition;
From Beggars, whoſe Pride for great Places petition;
Or elſe from the Dunghil wou'd bear a Commiſſion.
Libera nos, Domine.

From Mayors, full as fooliſh as guzling Churchwardens,
From Dublin, *full of Whores as the* Spring-Gardens;
From a Papiſt, *whoſe Heart againſt* Proteſtants *hardens;*
Libera nos, Domine.

From running o'er Bogs, in all ſorts of Weather,
From wearing flat Brogues, made of naſty hard Leather,
From wearing ſlight Trowſers, which ſcarce hang together;
Libera nos, Domine.

From going bare-foot, both Summer and Winter;
From wearing a Smock till it's whiter than Tinder;
From Poets, *whoſe Parts will never reach* Pindar;
Libera nos, Domine.

From Knights of the Poſt againſt Innocents ſwearing,
From Doxies, whoſe Mouths for raw Fleſh are ſtaring;
And from their Preſumption of Mens Breeches wearing;
Libera nos, Domine.

From Lice, Itch, and Scabs, the Plague of our Nation;
From Pimps, who claim rich Men for a Relation;
And from our blind Way of gaining Salvation;
Libera nos, Domine.

From Cook-Maids as naſty as any Gold finder;
From Paſtors as blind as a Beetle and blinder;
From Strumpets, whom Money make never the kinder,
Libera nos, Domine.

From trading with France, *to get ourſelves Riches;*
From often cooling our Courage in Ditches;
T'aſſwage the rebellious Fleſh in the Breeches;
Libera nos, Domine.

From Blind leading blind Folks, and Criples the Criple;
From going to Church without any Steeple;
From Ropes without Bells, to ring in the People;
Libera nos, Domine.

From

From Rapparees medling with Travellers Purſes;
From Servants as baſe as damn'd Pariſh Nurſes;
From Teaguelanders *full of Damnation and Curſes.*
Libera nos, Domine.

Bidding adieu to *Balinoſloe*, I went to *Aghrim*, where the Number of Houſes exceed not a Pair-Royal of Aces; however, the Place will be ever memorable in Hiſtory, for the deciſive Battle fought here, which reduced a whole Kingdom to the Obedience of the *Proteſtant* King *William* And all over the Plain here lie ſcatter'd Heaps of Mens Sculls to this Day; inſomuch that it does not only repreſent *Golgotha*, but had alſo the Father of that *Grecian* Hero dwelt here, who wept for more Worlds to add to his Conqueſts, he might have ſav'd his Page the Labour of ſhewing him at Meals the ghaſtful Emblem of Mortality. Hence I proceeded to *Loghrea*, where is kept the chiefeſt Market in all the Province of *Connaught*; and from thence going to *Killilel*, I ſaw a ſmall wooden Croſs ſet totttring upon a Heap of Stones in the Road; about which ſome Prieſt, and his bigotted Tribe, had been mumbling a a *Pater Noſter*, and *Ave Maria* to the Bleſſed Lady. At *Balihavely* I took Notice of an old Caſtle metamporphoſed into a Cow-Houſe; and next I went to *Athenrea*, an ancient, but much ruinated Town, built by old King *John* of merry Memory. Then I came to *Galway*, a large Seaport Town, ſituated on the River *Caarle*; when I firſt I enter'd this Place, I really took it to be a general Goal for the whole Kingdom; for the Houſes (which are ſome one, ſome two, and ſome three Stories high) are all ſtrongly built of Stone, and moſt of the Windows

Windows thick barricadoed with thick Iron Bars, inſomuch that there are not the like Buildings to be ſeen through the Country for Strength. In the Midſt of this Town ſtands a Church, dedicated to honeſt St. *Nicholas*, whoſe Steeple hath a pretty good Set of Bells, and its Chimes are ſomewhat Muſical, but not well approv'd by the *Fanaticks*, becauſe they are ſet to the Tune of a *Pſalm*. Moreover, in this Church are two Pulpits, one for the Doctor to preach in, and one for the Archbiſhop of *Tuam*, in caſe his Preferment makes him not above it.

The Women of this Country are generally ſo homely, that had the Mother of all Living been as ugly, when ſhe took her ill-condition'd Being from one of Father *Adam*'s Ribs, her frightful Phiſiognomy had forc'd the Godhead to act the ſixth Day over again. Seeing the female Sex ſo ordinary, to comfort them under this Misfortune, I compoſed the following Lines, call'd the Picture of an *Iriſh* Woman.

Of all the Creatures I have ever found,
An Iriſh *Woman is a ſtrange Compound!*
Unſeemly Geſtures wanton Sports betray,
Yet talk of Love, ſhe knows not what to ſay.
Her chiefeſt Breeding lies in milking Cows,
Her Face is only fit to fright the Crows;
Her Breaſts are large, her Belly ſomewhat hard,
And Modeſty's a Thing ſhe'll ne'er regard:
But yet to give the Teagueland *Beaſt her Due,*
Her Skin is really a Mulatto's *Hue;*
Ugly's her Hand, yet Legs ſo little be,
That litler Mill-Poſts you ſhall ſeldom ſee.
Her roving Eyes laſcivious Looks betray,
And as the Night obſcures a glorious Day,

So Ragged Mantles, or a Cloak do's hide
Thoſe Imperfections which we ſhould deride.
Splavin's her Foot, irregular her Noſe,
Which always is uncleanly as her Cloaths;
Her Buttocks ſwell, like luſtful Bull his Cod,
And Knees are never bended to her God:
For, when at Leiſure, her Devotion's moſt
Beſtow'd on Prieſt, and conſecrated Hoſt.
Her Speech diſcovers a perfidious Heart,
The which on very eaſie Terms ſhe'll part;
And as for that ſtrange Cup which Water keeps
With downward Mouth, awake, or when ſhe ſleeps,
Let her be honeſt Woman, Maid, or Whore,
Like Death and Hell 'tis gaping ſtill for more.

But yet for all this Dearth of handſome Women, this Country in another Reſpect is far happier than *England*, as being leſs infected with *Lawyers*, that common Bane of all Mankind. The wild *Iriſh*, in all Courts of Judicature, are ſworn upon a Scull; herein being more ſcrupulous of forſwearing themſelves, than by taking a falſe Oath on the *New-Teſtament*; as ſuppoſing the Ghoſt to whom that Scull once pertain'd would haunt them, in caſe they prov'd perjur'd. Aſſizes are held twice a Year for criminal Matters, and Caſes of *Niſi prius*; and tho' *Aſtræa* left no Print of her Footſteps in this Nation when ſhe fled to Heaven, yet ſo partial is blindfold Juſtice here betwixt Man and Beaſt, that the Stone Pounds for offending Cattle ſeem ſtronger built than Goals for Malefactors. Murderers are hang'd and quarter'd; and *Rapparees* ſhare the ſame Fate: Which laſt in former Times was the *Militia* of the Country, but the mean Souls of the *Iriſh* deteſting now what is honourable and Praiſe-

worthy,

worthy, to follow Theft, this martial Denomination ſuffers the ſame hard Fate with thoſe honeſt Names of *Tyrant* and *Sophiſter*, which from Titles of Honour are degenerated into Terms of the greateſt Diſgrace and Infamy; for a *Rapparee* now ſignifies no more than a Robber on the Highway. As for the great Commerce the People drives, that was plainly perceiv'd by meeting neither Waggon nor Pack-Horſe 100 Miles an End. The wild Native *Iriſh* obſerve more Days of Faſting and Abſtinence than the Rubrick of their Church enjoyns them; becauſe extream Poverty excludes them from the Uſe of Fleſh and Fowl from one Year's End to another. Their Lodging is in ſmall Cabbins, without Chimneys, put up in the Highways; and in theſe the Man, his Wife and Children, Cocks, Hens, Chickens, Hogs, Pigs, Cows, Calves and Geeſe lie all together. If *Teague* is ſo topping as to rent a ſmall Potatoe-Garden for 5 Shillings *per Annum*, he thinks himſelf as well to paſs as that *Italian* Duke, who's married Yearly to the *Adriatic* Sea; however, his Tenement ſhall be no better furniſh'd than the reſt of his Neighbours; which is commonly ſet off with a Truſs of Straw to lie on, a Grid-Iron, and Pot to boil *Potatoes*. Theſe wild People wear neither Shoes nor Stockings, which makes me ſtrongly to ſuſpect that they are born without any, as Monſieur *Ragou*'s Baſtard was without a Shirt; and as often as I behold their tatter'd Apparel, which ſcarce covers what Modeſty ought to conceal, I imagine them to proceed from the Loyns of *Ham*, who diſcovering his Father's Nakedneſs, the Curſe of him and his Poſterity lay in never being well cloath'd again.

Here are no Stage-Coaches; and inſtead of Carts they uſe only little Cars, with ſmall Wheels without Spokes, ſo that they cannot carry above 3 or 400 Weight of Tallow, which is one of the chiefeſt Commodities of this Country. Sliding Carts are alſo very common, imitating much our Halliers in *Briſtol*. Inſtead of Soap they uſe *Cackmacrel*, that is, the Excrements of Dogs whether thick or thin, which poor Women gather up in the Streets with as great Pains as they do Rags in *London*. In *England* Women ride upon the left Side of a Horſe, but here they ride upon the wrong Side; and very often aſtride. Moſt Things edible or potable are very cheap; but why is that? Becauſe Money is ſcarce, which makes an *Engliſh* Shillings go for 13 Pence, and a Guinea 1 Pound 3 Shillings, which is conſiderable above their intrinſick Value. The Inhabitants of this Kingdom greatly admire a Diſh of Potatoes, to which they have ſuch an Appetite, that I believe they long for 'em after they are dead; for in moſt Potatoe-Gardens many Souls, grinning ſtrangely at this delicious Food, which is both Bread and Meat to an *Iriſhman*; but whether they get thither by Accident, or ſome ſympathetical Vertue, whoſe ſtrange Effect proceeding from as ſtrange a Cauſe, the Relicks of their mortal Carcaſſes will inſenſibly creep (like the Sun's Shadow on a Dial) to what they moſt affected in this Lite, is a Subject on which I ſhall not inſiſt For above 40 Miles together I could not ſee a Stack of Hay; and Beaſts are very ſmall here, excepting the Woman, who being great Breeders, ſtand hard and faſt by that primary Command, *Increaſe and multiply*; but I ſuppoſe their Obedience to this Precept is more by natural

tural Inſtinct, than acquir'd by any Knowledge of the Scriptures, to which they are as meer Strangers as the remoteſt Heathens. So boggy is moſt part of the Country, that if it is not *Lucifer*'s Backſide, one may very reaſonably impute it to be the grand Magazine of Nature's Impurity. Popery is very predominant; for altho' ſevere Acts are made againſt Jeſuits, Monks, and Fryers, yet ſecular Prieſts, who own no Eccleſiaſtical Juriſdiction of the See of *Rome*, are tolerated to ſay Maſs. Beſides, ſeveral private Nunneries, the *Papiſts* have public Chapels here; one about a Furlong or two without the Weſt-Gate of *Galway*, dedicated to the Virgin *Mary*; and another a little without Abby-Gate, dedicated to St. *Francis*. Superſtition has a great Aſcendant over their Faith; for about half a Mile without *William*'s Gate are two Wells, dedicated to the bleſſed Lady and St. *Taviſon*, round which every *Sunday* Morning they walk bare-foot an Hour together, mumbling over their Beads, and then croſſing themſelves with the Water, which they hold to be good againſt ſeveral Infirmities, they return home as little ſanctified as they went. The Pulpit-Prayers us'd by the *Proteſtant* Clergy in *Ireland*, are ſcarce as long as the Lord's Prayer and Doxology; for they are all as idle as our *Engliſh* Parſons, who don't preach, but read Sermons, excepting here and there one that ſcorns to teach his Congregation out of a Book.

From *Galway* I went to *Carmorris*, on the left Hand whereof are ſeveral Houſes paying Tribute to the Ruins of Fire and Sword. Next I went to *Balihove*, in the County of *Mayo*; and truly of all the *Iriſh* Counties commend me

to

to this for good Fellowſhip; for here they will kill one another to raiſe a Rundlet of *Aqua-vitæ*. As paſſing through this Country, I overtook a little Car loaded with this Liquor, which they prefer above their beloved *Uſquebaugh*, drawing before a Corpſe; and as ſoon as the ſenſeleſs Clod was interr'd in an obſcure Place among Bogs and Hills, they fell heartily to their ſtrong Sippings, which they drew out into ſquare wooden Cups, and thence took it out agen with Egg-ſhels, which ſerv'd inſtead of Taſters. For my part being a Stranger, they invited me to participate of their Liquor; accordingly I tarried with them, to ſee their Manners; 'till the Spirits flew ſo much into their Heads, that one Brother in a Quarrel kill'd another. Hereupon ſome were for carrying him to Juſtice, and others again for hiding the bloody Fact; thus whilſt a long Controverſie held concerning what to do in this tragical Matter, an old Man among 'em ſtarts up, and addreſſes himſelf as follows.

"Loving Friends and Acquaintance, in taking our laſt Farewel of a Neighbour here departed, the Funeral Meeting has unhappily occaſion'd the Loſs of another. Now if we ſhould deliver up this Criminal to the Government, the Severity of their Juſtice will deprive us of a third Friend; which Puniſhment will not retrieve the Life of his unfortunate Brother. Wherefore, to prevent the Survivor's untimely End, we'll preſently ſend to ſee what Goods and Chattles the Deceaſed owns; and raiſing therewith another Rundlet of *Aqua vitæ*, we'll privately bury our lately departed Brother, and drink his

Requiem

" *Requiem*, without taking any farther Notice " of this Diſaſter to our heretical Foes".

Theſe were his Words as near as I can remember, and his Advice being applauded by all the Auditors, another Rundlet of *Aqua Vitæ* is fetc'd; but by that time it was near out, a freſh Quarrel aroſe, wherein a ſecond Perſon was murder'd; which being likewiſe ſmother'd and a freſh Rundlet of *Aqua Vitæ* procur'd, I took my leave of theſe kind Heats, for fear they ſhould at laſt raiſe a drunken Collation out of me. So I made the beſt of my way for *Foxford*, a very large Town, with a Church in it, lying among very high Hills. Hence I went to *Lorras*, an excellent Harbour for Ships, ſituated in a Bay, twining among exceeding high Mountains. Thence I went to *Sligo*, which hath a ſtrong Citadel, by a Bridge containing Eight Stone Arches. Hence I went to *Grange*; from thence to *Baliſhannon*, a Seaport Town; hence I went to *Donnegal*, a Town ſituated on a Hill, and was burnt by the Duke of *Berwick*, in the late *Iriſh* Wars. Hence I went over *Barnſmoor*, a Mount Ten Miles in Length, in the Province of *Ulſter*; but about a Mile before I came to the End of it, *Colcrockeda* [or the Hangman's] Wood begins; where a great many *Tories* or *Rapparees* have been hang'd, when they made their ſolitary Receptacles in this deſolate and dangerous Place for robbing. Hence I went to *Rapho*, a Biſhoprick, with a very little Church in it. And next I went to *London-Derry*, the People whereof have ſuch good Stomachs as to eat Cats, Rats, Dogs and Horſe-fleſh in time of a Siege. The moſt remarkable Thing I ſaw hereabout was the Gallows, which

ſtands

ſtands about half a Mile out of Town, and is of a Triangular Form, like our Triple-Tree at *Hyde-Park* Corner; but as yet has not honour'd the *Roman* See with ſo many Saints and Martyrs as that in *England*.

From *London-Derry* I went to *Colrain*, a Sea-port Town divided by the *Byrne* Water into Two Parts, ſo that it ſtands in the Counties of *Derry* and *Antrim*, which laſt Shire is much haunted with Fairies, who are ſo miſchievous as to fling Darts at People as they Travel in the Night. I ſaw one of 'em, which is a flat ſolid Stone, about Two Inches long, and in Shape like a Vamp or upper Leather of a Woman's pecked Toe Shoe; one ſide white, t'other inclining to the ſame Colour, but ſpeckled with red Spots; and is reckon'd very medicinal, if us'd according to Preſcription, for the ſore Teats of Cows. The *Iriſh* People, I perceiv'd all the Way I Travell'd, are haughty of Heart, implacable in Enmity; light of Belief, and patient *per* Force in Hunger and Cold. *Damage-feſant* is ſeldom commit ed, becauſe here are few or no Hedges; nor can Forreſt Laws be in much Uſe, when I ſaw not one from one End of the Kingdom to the other. Brogues are more worn than Shoes by both Sexes; their Mouths ſupply the Uſe of Bellows; a Pail of Water ſerves 'em for a Looking-Glaſs; and Cleanlineſs is as much unknown to them, as the Diſcoveries of *Chriſtopher Columbus* to the Antients. The richer Sort of Women wear blue Cloth Cloaks, in all Weathers, as a Type or Symbol of their Deſire of wearing the Breeches too; but their Husbands to mar their Intentions, generally wear Trowſers made of Frize, which is the ſtaple Commodity of the

Country

Country. The midling Rank of Women wear Riding-Hoods; and the Poor ones clad themſelves with courſe Mantles, thrown over their Kerchiefs, which are as black as their Bodies, and their Bodies as black as their Souls, but yet their Souls are blacker than either; if it was but for their Malice, contrary to the 11th Commandment, commanding, *That ye love one another.*

Tho' the Women differ in their Habits, yet both Gentle and Simple count Decency in Dreſſing meer Idolatry; and that their Stockings may hang ſlatteringly about their Heels, they have uttetly forſworn the Uſe of Garters. Thoſe who are married are generally dull and ſottiſh, ſo that when their Husbands come home, they look like ſo many Paſſion-Pictures, preſenting ever Sadneſs and Melancholly; which makes the poor Cuckolds like *Spaniards*, who will leave their Saviour at any Time for a Maidenhead, look as dull. Yea, an *Iriſhman* loves a Whore as well as a *Frenchman*; and tho' the Superſtition of former Times accounted a Woman of ſuch Pollution, that the Council of *Eliberis* would not ſuffer a Man to touch her three Days before his receiving the Sacrament, yet in Defiance of all Councils, they will forſake Sacraments, and all things elſe holy, rather than go without a Bit of old Hat: And this Practice of abſtaining from Women at certain Times, was (I ſuppoſe) in Uſe among the antient Heathens, according to this Caution of *Tibullus.*

——— *diſcedat ab aris,*
Cui tulit heſterna gaudiis nocte Venus.
L. 2. Eleg. 1.

——From the Altars let him keep,
That in his Lady's Arms laſt Night did ſleep.

By this Queſtion in the laſt Chapter of *Proverbs*, as I take it, *Who can find a virtuous Woman*? One would be apt to ſurmiſe that *Solomon* had travell'd into this Country; and to ſee the People eat Clover-Graſs, a Man might ſwear 'em all a-kin to grazing *Nebuchadnezzar*. The Genius of the *Iriſh* is not a-whit admirable, for one Age here grows not wiſer than another, like other Nations; which gives great Suſpicion of a *Metempſiſchoſis*, or *Pythagoras*'s Tranſmigration of the Soul to be true: Seeing, by the Converſation I had among the Bogtrotters, that the younger Folks only inherit the ſmall Senſe of their Progenitors; whoſe profound Knowledge was heretofore ſo great, as to tye Ploughs to their Horſes Tails. Their Bogs are many, whence they have all their Fuel, for they burn nothing but Turf; Spiders are very plentiful, but not venomous: and the common Texture ſpun out of their Intrails, makes a Sort of Hangings, which the *Iriſh* for Cheapneſs prefer much before good Tapeſtry. In ſome Parts they make their Bread with the Bark of Holly, from which tearing off the green Superfluities, they work it up round like a Football, and bake it in the Embers. Their Butter being mixt with Salt and Garlick, and put into the Skin which follows the Calf from the Cow, they bury in a Turf-Pit for 8 or 9 Months together, which does not only make it of a ſtrong Taſte, but likewiſe dies it with all the Colours in the Rainbow: And Briskins, or the Roots of wild Tanſie, they love as well. Tho' the Streets in every Town are very dirty, yet their Scavengers

gers Carts are no bigger than Wheelbarrows; and the Uſe of Clogs or Pattins is an Abomination with moſt Women. The moſt epidemical Diſtemper among Strangers is the bloody Flux; for which, Eggs fry'd in Brandy is a good *Catholicon*. Few or no Patients happen among the lying-in Women; for (like the *Hebrews*, as their pious Midwives pretended) they are brought to Bed without any Help; waſh and do all without Nurſes; and in leſs than half a Week do not only go abroad, but alſo give Earneſt for being with Child again. Their new-born Infants are as hardy, and will endure Cold as well as any *Laplander*; or the ſtrongeſt Bear ſubject to the Czar of *Muſcovy*. The *Iriſh* Soil mimicks Nature like the vivifying Mud of *Nile*; for I have ſeen the Hairs which fall from Horſes Tails into Puddles of Water on the Road, tranſubſtantiated (if I may be ſo bold as to uſe that Word, without any Offence to his Unholineſs the Pope) into Worms; wherefore it is no Wonder that Prieſts, by the Art of *Legerdemain*, can convert good Bread and Wine into real Fleſh and Blood.

Jack-Daws here are not black, but white and grey, like *Royſton* Crows; and *Sea-Gulls* are all white, except their Wings, which are tipt at the End with a dark yellow; but the largeſt Birds in this Kingdom are *Whores-Birds* and and *Jayl-Birds*. Here is a ſort of Vermin breeding near Bogs call'd *Man-creepers*; in Shape and Bigneſs like a *Lizard*, having 4 Legs, the two foremoſt of which bear the Reſemblance of a Human Hand. This Creature's Property is to creep into a Man's Belly, if he finds him ſleeping with his Mouth open, where he extreamly tortures him, 'till fetch'd out of his in-

ternal Habitation; which Operation is thus perform'd. The Patient being kept fasting, his Chyrurgeon baits a Hook with a Piece of Meat, and puts it down his Throat, at which the hungry Insect snapping, he pulls him out with a sudden Jerk, and kills it. Milk will not keep (do what they can) from turning sour in six Hours at any time of the Year; but why this Region can't preserve this Sweetness longer, is somewhat paradoxical to me; unless the invisible *Effluvia*'s, which secretly dissipate themselves from the unwholsome Fogs, arising out of the Bogs, by the attractive Power of the Sun's Beams, assume the Prerogative of forcing the Putrefaction, so common to the liquid Product of the Cow's Teat. An *Ignis fatuus* the silly People deem to be a Soul broke out of *Purgatory*; and on the Vigil of St. *John* the *Baptist*'s Nativity they make Bonfires, and run along the Streets and Fields with Wisps of Straw blazing on long Poles to purify the Air, which they think infectious, by believing all the Devils, Spirits, Ghosts, and Hobgoblins fly abroad this Night to hurt Mankind. Farthermore, it is their dull *Theology* to affirm, the Souls of all People leave their Bodies on the Eve of this Feast, and take a Ramble to that very Place where, by Land or Sea, a final Seperation shall divorce them for evermore in this World. As soon as Death brings his last Summons to any one, the wild *Irish* (both Men, Women and Children) go before the Corpse, and from his or her House to the Church-yard set up a most hideous Holoo loo loo, which may be heard two or three Miles round the Country. Now when a Virgin (if here's any such Thing after she's in the Teens, dies, a Garland,

land, made of all ſorts of Flowers and ſweet Herbs, is carried by a young Woman on her Head, before the Coffin, from which hang down two black Ribbons, ſignifying our mortal State; and two white, as an Emblem of Purity and Innocence; the Ends thereof are held by 4 young Maids, which are not ſo plenty here as *Thornbacks*, before whom a Basket full of Herbs and Flowers is ſupported by 2 other Maids, who ſtrew them along the Streets to the Place of Burial: Then after the Deceaſed follow all her Relations, and Acquaintance. But the Prieſt being aſham'd to walk without his *Pontificalibus*, he's as inviſible, 'till you come to the Grave, as if he had the Ring of *Gyges* on his Finger.

Peas, Beans, and Artichoaks are very ſcarce; but what is worſe, their Beef will not take Salt, without all the Fat melting away. The Inhabitants in general thinking Adultery and Fornication more laudable, than drawing the Picture of Poſterity in the lawful State of Matrimony, the *Morbus gallicus* is as faſhionable all over the Country, as in any Court in *Europe*; nevertheleſs, it is no Miracle to ſee them look fair to the laſt, ſince they drink nothing but what Nature's Liberality is pleas'd to beſtow on 'em at Springs. Children that are troubled with Kibes are always in a ſad Condition, becauſe their poor Parents being great Strangers to any ſort of ſalted Meat, they have no Brine to Cure them. When they uſe Phlebotomy they frequently bleed ill Blood, becauſe it always runs in their Veins; and an *Apoplexy* ſeldom kills them, becauſe they are not much pamper'd with high Feeding. A *Dropſie* does not much hurt an *Iriſhman*, by reaſon

ſon he naturally ſwells with his Rhodomontado's, and bragging Lies: But a deep *Conſumption* always affects moſt their Pockets. Tho' all their Actions are evil, yet are they not much afflicted with the *King's-Evil*; nor are they much troubled with the *Gout*, becauſe their Poverty does not qualifie them for it. I can't tell what an *Impoſthume* may do, but a Lie will never choak them; nor do they ſeem to have the *Palſie*, but when a bad Conſcience makes 'em quake and tremble like an Aſpin Leaf: But indeed the People are all moſt grievouſly infected with the *Scurvy* and *Spleen* too. As for their Houſes, the Rooms up one pair of Stairs, or higher, are cover'd with Earth 4 or 5 Inches thick; and the Tenent of the Joyces are not put into Mortiſes, but laid croſs-wiſe into Notches over the Summet. An *Iriſhman* and Fool are Correlatives; or at leaſt ſynonimous Terms: And catch him without a Blunder, which makes him love Bulls, 'tis to be fear'd the World is near its Diſſolution. They ſpeak largely of their Antiquity, boaſting as if they were a People before the Creation; but, in my Opinion, *Ireland* could not well be *in eſſe* ſo early, becauſe e'er a powerful *Fiat* produc'd all Things out of nothing, all Things lay in their original *Chaos*, ſo I can't imagine of what the *Iriſh* could exiſt, unleſs they derive their Deſcent from thoſe *Atoms*, which by a caſual Concourſe (as the *Epicureans* hold) jumping together, gave Being to the World. Neither could it be a Country at the firſt Dawn of Light, by reaſon when Omnipotency had finiſht his ſtupendious Works, he ſaid, *they were good*; and the ſacred Approbation was glorified by *all the Sons of the Morning, who ſhooted together for Joy.*

Truly,

Truly, I ſhould rather impute the Original of this Country to ſome Judgment, which ſtirring up the Ocean, to overwhelm ſome remoter Part of the Globe, whoſe aggravating Sins too much incenſed divine Juſtice, it left its antient Current, to make room for a Place as wicked: for you may read in divers Authors of a Reſurrection of Iſles, peeping up in many Parts, where none were ever ſeen before.

Their Language they do not only reckon older, but alſo more copious than the *Hebrew*; however, the Copiouſneſs of their Linguo is eaſily gueſs'd at, by not having a Word in their Speech to expreſs Breeches; and many other appellative Words. Like the odious *French* they put the *Subſtantive* before the *Adjective*, and to embelliſh their Diſcourſe, too often mixt with *Tautology*,, they frequently uſe the Figure *Hyſteron & Proteron*, that is, putting the Cart before the Horſe. Their *Alphabet* contains but theſe 17 Letters, *A, B, C, D, E, F, G, I, L, M, N, O, P, R, S, T, U*; but this literal Paucity (like the *Saxon* Abecedary) is ſupply'd with ſome Abbreviations or Contractions. The Pronunciation of their Tongue being ſomewhat guttural, it is hard for the Vulgar to ſpeak it; harder to ſpeak it ſignificantly; and hardeſt to write true. In the late King *James*'s Reign an *Iriſh* Teaguiſh Prieſt mightily extolling this Bogland Jargon, he as mightily interceeded with his papiſtick Majeſty to erect publick Schools in *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, for profeſſing this Tongue; but an *Iriſh* Courtier, who had no great Veneration for this conceited Pedlar in holy Trinkets, requeſting the King to command him to tranſlate, *Black Ox eat raw Egg*, the Prieſt preſently perform'd his Talk thus,

Daue

Daue dooue ecye ewe ouce ; at which inarticulate Sounds (for if you was to hear them rightly pronounc'd, they ſound juſt like a Dog's barking) his Majeſty burſted out a laughing, and calling to his Dog *Towſer*, ſaid, *Here's my Dog can ſpeak your Language already* ; whereupon the ſpiritual Jugler drew in his Horns, and ſneak'd off like a ſmall Cur that had loſt his Tail. In their Diſcourſe it is common for them to uſe two Negatives, which I'm ſure make an Affirmative ; unleſs, after the manner of the *Greeks*, they uſe them to make the Negation ſtronger. It has been a great Diſpute among *Grammarians*, whether an *Iriſhman* is a Noun *Subſtantive*, or a Noun *Adjective* ; but it is carried in the latter, by reaſon he cannot ſtand by himſelf in Battle ; for before the *Iriſh* go abroad, you ſhall not find greater Cowards under the Copes of Heaven ;

Why the Men and Women here ſhould be ſo unmercifully big in the Legs, above any other People, I impute to their mean Food, making no ſolid *Chyle* ; ſo what ſlender Diet they eat, deſcending into their lower Parts, it there ſettles in a dropſical ſort of a Humour. For all this Climate is reckon' d wholeſome, it is rare to ſee any of the Natives paſt the climacterical Year ; and their Perfidiouſneſs is commonly attended with more Curſes, in one reſpect or another, than are read in the *Commination* by our Clergy on *Aſh Wedneſday*. Such as have Pewter take great Delight to have it furbelow'd with Duſt ; and to wear clean Linnen they reckon as great a Crime as Loyalty. The People (like *Janus*) have not two Faces ; but that they are double-hearted is confirm'd by the Votes of all moral Men : For thinking a ſly deceiving their

beſt

beſt Friends meritorious, is a general Rule they hold without any Exception. Here few Women die Martyrs ſo Lover; but if they crave the Affections of a Man, wholly averſe to their Inclination, their Endeavour to raiſe Enjoyment of him is by Art; and to this end they often uſe Philtres. Likewiſe, the Spark that's reſolv'd to ſacrifice his Youth and Vigour on a Damſel, whoſe Coyneſs will not accept of his Love-Oblations; he threads a Needle with the Hair of her Head, and then running it thro' the moſt fleſhy Part of a dead Man, as the Brawn of the Arms, Thigh, or Calf of the Leg, the Charm has that Virtue in it, as to make her run mad for him whom ſhe ſo lately ſlighted. Providence is very admirable in all its Diſpenſations, of ſtrangely bringing ſurprizing Accidents to paſs; but more eſpecially in *Ireland*, is her Gubernation of Chances wonderful, in preſerving a People from ſtarving, whoſe ſhort Commons, in moſt Places, make a lively Repreſentation of Famine. Their Skill in painting comes not near the rude Draughts of the booriſh *Dutch*; whoſe Fancy is more groteſque than natural: And their Churches diſcover neither any Workmanſhip after the old *Gothick* Faſhion; nor ſhew the *Dorick*, *Corinthian*, or other Orders of modern Architecture. Alſo the Spaciouſneſs of them may be ſoon gueſs'd at by their Cathedrals, the largeſt of which ſcarce exceeds *Oliver*'s Tabernacle, or *Calamy*'s *Presbyterian* Meeting-Houſe in *Long Ditch* at *Weſtminſter*.

This Country abounds with Foxes, and ſome wild Deer; Curlues and Cuckolds; and many Rooms in moſt Houſes having no Chimnies, one would take every Town to be a Vent of

Mount *Ætna*, when the Smoak (which is enough to ſtifle *Charon*) makes the Walls as black as Hell: And becauſe *Sarah* was buried in the Field of *Macpelah*, ſome of the *Iriſh* have the Ambition to be buried in open Places. The People are ſo alike for Rags and Jags, that I believe *Plautus* took his *Amphitryo* from them.

From *Colrain* I went to *Antrim*, thence to *Belfaſt*, and thence to *Donaghadea*, where you may dine at 12 at Noon, and by Water get to *Port Patrick* in *Scotland*, by 3 in the Afternoon. It being natural for the *Iriſhmen* to be as Jealous as *Spaniards*, from whom they pretend to be deſcended, they will not let their Wives wear Smocks, to prevent their Neighbours from taking up their Linnen; and if a Man has a great Eſtate here, he cannot with the *Pſalmiſt* ſay, *My Liues are fallen to me in pleaſant Places.* The Hazel Wood in *Ireland* is obnoxious to Snakes, which expire in the Circles made with them; nor will a Toad, or any other venomous Creature, live in this Clime: But the Reaſon why the Soil is ſo bleſt, is becauſe the People are curſt.

THE

THE Comical *Pilgrim*'s Pilgrimage INTO HOLLAND.

RETURNING from *Ireland* to *England* again, and being ſtill of a roving Mind, I was diſpos'd to go to *Holland*, I think it was on the longeſt Day in the Year, call'd *Barnaby* bright, when going down to *Margate* in the Iſle of *Thanet*, where *Auſtin* the Monk landed to convert *Kentiſh* Infidels, I went on board the *Swiftſure*, a third Rate Man of War, on which Admiral *Shovel* had hoiſted his Flag, in his convoying King *William* then over to *Holland*. A fair Wind favouring us, we ſoon arriv'd upon the Coaſt of *Holland*, which I perceiv'd was ſo low, that the People had the Advantage of other Nations, for if they die in Perdition, they have a ſhorter Cut to Hell than the reſt of their Neighbours.

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I landed at the *Briel* in the Iſle of *Voorne*, where is good Accommodation enough for Travellers, but only they pay dear for it. Hence I croſs'd over the *Maes* River to the Iſle of *Rooſenburg*, for 5 Stivers; and for 3 more I croſs'd over for *Vlaerding*, and by that Time I got thither, I found the Ground ſo light all the way, that a ſtrong Earthquake would ſhake the whole 17 Provinces of the *Netherlands* into a *Chaos*. Moſt of their Dwellings in this Town, as well as other Places, ſtand like Privies in moated Houſes, hanging ſtill over the Water; and had St. *Stephen* been condemn'd to ſuffer here, he might have been alive this Day; for unleſs it be their paved Cities, Gold is a little more plentiful than Stones; except it be living ones, and then for their Heavineſs you may take in almoſt all the Nation. It is a ſingular Place to fat Monkies in, for there are Spiders as fat as Shrimps; and a ſtarting Horſe endangers you two Deaths at once, breaking your Neck and drowning. *Holland* hanging moſt in the Water, it ſeems but a Bridge of ſwimming Earth; and if *Ætna* be the Mouth or fore Gate of Hell, ſurely here is found the Poſtern, where the full Earth doth vent her crude black Gore, which the Inhabitants do ſcrape away for Fuel, as Men with Spoons do Extrements from Civit Cats. They dreſs their Meat *in Aqua cæleſti*, for it ſprings not as ours from the Earth, but comes to them as *Manna* to the *Iſraelites* falling from Heaven. This they keep under Ground 'till it ſtinks, and then they pump it out again for Uſe: So when you waſh your Face with one Hand, you had need hold your Noſe with the other; for tho' it be not a Cordial, yet is it certainly a ſtrong Water; and an *Engliſh* Bailiff prefers

prefers it far beyond *Mint* Water. Their Ditches they diſtinguiſh into Nooks, as my Lord Mayor's Cook does his Cuſtards; and every *Dutchman* being his own Herald, Eſcutcheons are as plentiful among the Boors as Gentry is ſcarce.

From *Vlaerding* I went to *Schiedam*, a ſmall Town abounding in Fiſhery; and where Abundance of Buſſes, Cord, and Network is made. Here entring a Houſe, the firſt Thing (as in other Houſes) I encounter'd was a Looking-Glaſs; and next other Utenſils of a Family, marſhalled about the Room like ſo many Watchmen. Were the Knacks of all their Houſes ſet together, they would far exceed the Trumpery of *Deard*'s Toyſhop in *Fleet-ſtreet*, or the Court of Requeſts; and if you want to ſpeak *Dutch*, you may learn a great deal from their Signs, for what they are they always write under them. Coaches and Carts are as rare as Comets; and all their Merchandize they draw through the Streets on Sledges, as we do our Traytors on Hurdles to *Tyburn*. Their Rooms being but as ſo many Sand-Boxes, you muſt either go out to ſpit, or bluſh when you ſee the Mop brought. As their Beds require a Ladder or Stairs to get into 'em, you are in Danger of breaking your Neck if you tumble out; and as they keep their Honſes cleaner than their Bodies, ſo do they take Care to have their Bodies cleaner than their Souls. They are not ſo nice-conſcioned, but that they can turn out Religion to let in Policy; and a *Dutch* Woman, being the Head of the Husband, ſhe takes the Horn to her own Charge, which ſhe often multiplies, and beſtows the Increaſe on her Man. The People are generally booriſh, therefore

fore their Country is the God they Worſhip, War is their Heaven, Peace is their Hell, and the *Spaniard* the Devil they hate.

From *Schiedam* I went to *Rotterdam*, the ſecond great Emporium of this trading People, ſituated on the Side and Banks of the *Maes*, and fitted for all Conveniency of Tranſport and Importation. Here, as in other Places, I found I might ſooner convert a *Few*, than make a *Dutchman* yield to Arguments that croſs him, becauſe his Spirits are generated from *Engliſh* Beer; and his Body is built of pickled Herring, which makes him teſty. If you ſee him fat, he hath been rooting in a Cabbage-Ground, and that bladder'd him; he is as churliſh as his Breeder *Neptune*; and the Love of Gain is as natural to him, as Water to a Gooſe, or Carrion to any Kite. Truth and Honeſty is as ſcarce here as Hedges; they are ſeldom deceiv'd, becauſe they truſt no Body; and Complement is an Idleneſs they were never train'd in. They ſhall abuſe a Stranger for nothing; and after a few baſe Terms ſcotch one another to a Carbanado. All that help them not, they hold popiſh; and take it for an Argument of much Honeſty, to rail bitterly againſt the King of *Spain*. Every thing is ſo made to ſwim among them, that it is a Queſtion if *Elijah*'s Ax were now floating there, whether it would be taken for a Miracle. The Shipping is the *Babel* which they boaſt on for the Glory of their Nation; and they are in a manner all *Aquatiles*, and therefore the *Spaniards* call them Water-Dogs. A *Turkiſh* Man of War is as dreadful to them as a Falcon to a Mallard, from whom their beſt Remedy is to ſteal away, and Sailors among 'em, are as common as Beggars with us, beſides

beſides the *Dutch* Tarpaulins will drink, rail, ſwear, niggle, ſteal, and be louſie alike. Slime humid Air, Water, and wet Diet, have ſo bagg'd their Cheeks, that ſome would take their Paunches to be gotten above their Chins; and bring under a democratical Government; tell them of a King in Jeſt, and they will cut your Throat in Earneſt; for they hate the Name of Majeſty more than a *Jew* doth Images, a Woman pure Virtue, or a Nonconformiſt a Surplice; and it is reported that there is but a Sheet of Paper betwixt *Rotterdam* and Hell, which is a nearer Way to old Nick than by *Rocheſter*.

From *Rotterdam* I went to *Delf*, where I obſerv'd that every *Mynheer* ſhall walk the Streets as Uſurers go to Bawdy-Houſes, all alone and melancholly; and their Apparel is civil enough, but very uncomely, as having uſually more Stuff than Shape. *Holland* is the Fair of all Sects, where all the Pedlars of Hereſies have Leave to vent their Toys, their Ribbands, and fanatick Rattles. They will admit of all Religions but the true one; and whoſoever diſturbs the civil Government ſhall be liable to Puniſhment, but the Decrees of Heaven and Sanctions of Deity, any one may break uncheck'd, by profeſſing what falſe Religion he pleaſes. The Men are cladded tolerably well, unleſs he inclines to the Sea-Faſhion; and then are his Breeches yawning at the Knees, as if they were about to ſwallow up his Legs. The *Dutch* Women have much more Forehead than Face; and they are ſtarch'd ſo blue, that if they once grow old, you would verily believe you ſaw *Winter* walking up to the Neck in Indigo. They are far from going naked, for of a whole

whole Woman you can ſee but half a Face; her Hand ſhews her to be a ſore Labourer; and if you look lower, ſhe's like a Monkey chain'd about the Middle, and had rather want it in Diet, than not have Silver Hooks to hang her Keys in. Their Smocks are ever whiter than their Skin; and their Gowns are fit to hide great Bellies; but they make them ſhew ſo unhandſome, that *Engliſhmen* don't care for getting them. Where the Women lies in, the Ringle or Knocker of the Door does Pennance, for it is lapped round about with Linnen, either to ſhow you that loud Knocking may wake the Child, or elſe that for a Month her Ring is not to be run at. For their Diet they eat much and ſpend little; and when they ſend out a Fleet to the *Eaſt-Indies*, it ſhall live 3 Months on the Offals, which we fear would ſurfeit our Swine; yet they feed on't, and are ſtill the ſame *Dutchmen*. In their Houſes, Roots and Stockfiſh are ſtaple Commodities; and if they make a Feaſt, and add Fleſh, they have an Art to keep it hot more Days, than a dirty, dingy, greaſie Cook a Pig's Head in *Pye-Corner*.

The *Dutch* Women are delivered, together with their Children, of a *Sooterkin*, not unlike to a Rat, which ſome imagine to be the Offſpring of the Stoves they have betwixt their Legs in Winter. Their Fairs are more frequented on *Sundays* in the Afternoon, than their Churches in the Forenoon; and they are furniſh'd with ſuch a wonderful Plenty of Corn by their Neighbours; that they have not only enough for their own Uſe, but alſo to export ſufficiently to other Countries, by ſelling them at an extravagant Price a Pig of their own

Sow.

Sow. There is no Nation in the World whoſe Seas yield the like conſtant and general Benefit as our Seas do; wherefore the Sloth of the *Engliſh* may very well be blam'd, for ſuffering the *Dutch* under their Noſes, to rob them of that Wealth, which would be theirs at the ſmall Rate of an eaſie Induſtry. But tho' all the Commodities they have either domeſtick or foreign, their fiſhing in our Seas brings them in the greateſt Profit, yet have they another Commodity which is very profitable to them, and that is War; for whereas other Nations are undone by it, they have the Secret to thrive, and grow exceeding rich by it. The Innholders paying as much for the Exciſe of Victuals and Drink, as they did at firſt for the Thing, it makes the *Entrata* or Revenue of thoſe High and Mighty States (who, when they implor'd Queen *Elizabeth*'s Aid, writ themſelves the poor, diſtreſſed States of *Holland*) very conſiderable. This free State entertaining all Renegadoes, it is the common Sink of Villany; each Faction calls itſelf a Church; and every new-fangled, giddy-headed, enthuſiaſtical Botcher, Cobler, or Tinker, is able enough to ſow Sedition: But the general Religion here is *Calvaniſm*, the Profeſſion whereof, tho' fatal to Monarchical Government, agrees well enough with the Parity of free States, where the People have ſo much Voice and Authority.

Holland, with the 16 other Provinces is call'd the *Low-Countries*, and the *Netherlands*, from their low Situation. Here live almoſt as many, if not more, *Jews*, *Anabaptiſts*, *Socinians*, and *Papiſts*, as *Calvaniſts*; ſo that a Traveller who comes hither, need not want a Religion to chooſe which ſhall beſt pleaſe him. Whilſt I

was in *Rotterdam*, being one Night in Company with ſome of the *Dutch* Boors, who were extolling *Eraſmus*, who was born in that Town, for the greateſt Scholar the World ever bred, my Blood broil'd at their Inſolence, as knowing *England*, and other Nations have produc'd Men of better Learning, but they being too many for me to reſent it, I had no other Way to vent my Reſentment, but by writing the following Lines, which I privately ſtuck upon his Effigies caſt in Braſs, and erected not far from the Houſe where he was born.

Thou great Coloſſus ! *if you ſtood aſtride,*
Betwixt thy Legs the Dutchmen *poſt might ride*
To tell, Eraſmus *is the only Boor,*
Whom they for Learning brag of, and adore.
Great were thy nat'ral and acquired Parts,
Which made you ign'rant in the Lib'ral Arts ;
And tho' thou wert half Fool, and half a Knave,
Half Proteſtant, *and yet to* Rome *a Slave,*
Thy Doctrine ſerv'd this People very well,
Who here are damn'd, before they're damn'd in Hell.
So farewel ſolid, monumental Braſs,
Erected to commemorate an Aſs

But the high and mighty States being affronted at this Lampoon put upon their chief Prieſt, a Proclamation was iſſued forth, promiſing the Reward of 500 Guilders for apprehending the Author of it ; whereupon I fled to *Delph* in the twinckling of a Bed-Staff, This is a pretty round compacted Town, about 2 Miles in Circumference, fortified with a ſtrong Wall and Ditch, but after an old Faſhion ; and is the great Magazine and Armory of the Commonwealth, which is democratical, as I ſaid before, for

for Monarchy they abhor as much as a *Scotchman* does *Epiſcopacy*, or a true bred *Iriſhman* paying Allegiance to a *Proteſtant* Prince.

From *Delph* I went to the *Hague*, the Metropolis of *Holland*, not for Trade, but for the States aſſembling at this Place, which is round compacted, and neatly built: It is neither Town nor City, but call'd a Village, as being unwall'd, and is reckon'd the biggeſt in the World. Within half a League of this Place lies interr'd in an Abby *Margaret* Counteſs of *Henenberg*, Siſter to *William*, King of the *Romans*, and on her Tomb ſtill remains an Epitaph, which mentions, that ſhe brought forth as many Children at one Birth, as are Days in the Year. The Country has few Trees in it, becauſe the Ground is ſo wateriſh and ſoft, that it is not able to bear the Weight of one; and for the ſame Reaſon a leſs Quantity of Fruit and Grain grows in it.

Their chiefeſt Fuel is Turf, of which they burn ſo much, that it may be very well thought the *Dutch* will burn up their own Land before the Day of Judgment. They are ſo cumbred about the Affairs and Buſineſs of this World, that their Ignorance in Religion is unaccountable. The Theological Terms of Regeneration, Conſubſtantiality, Predeſtination, Juſtification, Sanctification, or hypoſtatical Union, are full as myſterious to them, as the intricate Hierogliphics of the antient *Egyptians* were to the Vulgar. 'Tis true, they nevertheleſs keep the *Sabbath-Day* very ſtrict, for all the while that divine Service in their blind way holas, they do no manner of Work but waſh in the open Streets, keep Shops almoſt open, angle, ſing, play on the Muſick, dance, drink, and whore;

whore; for as ſix Days are tireſome to be at hard Labour, their high Mightineſſes allow the People one Day in ſeven to go to the Devil with Pleaſure. In fiue, the *Dutch* are good for nothing but to be ſerv'd as a Sultan or Grand Seignior once adviſ'd a French King, which advice was to ſend an Army of Pioneers to dig up their Country, and throw all the Inhabitants at once into the Sea.

FINIS.